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FRANCE.

**T**HE eve of the great battle has come, and to-morrow all France will be voting for or against the restoration of the Empire. As the decisive moment approaches the real nature of the issue becomes more and more clear. The Duke of BROGLIE has just given his account of the struggle, and he says that the contest is between Conservatism and Radicalism—between the MARSHAL and M. GAMBETTA. This is a very lame and one-sided way of stating the case, but it describes very accurately the mode in which the better portion of the large party which supports the present Ministry view their own acts and motives. French society has been profoundly stirred by the struggle that has now been going on for five months. It is not only that passions have been excited, that interference has passed into tyranny, and that tyranny has awakened a burning resentment, but the whole nation has been led to feel that two entirely different views of life and duty, of the interests of France, and of the bases of French society, exist and are now brought into open antagonism. Among the supporters of the Ministry are many persons with strong convictions and strong feelings, and they are deeply convinced that they must now support, at all costs, some kind of political system which is in harmony with Catholicism, which will protect their fortunes, keep down the ignorant mob, give careers to gentlemen, shelter the tender blossoms of an elegant and decorous life, and make France civilized after a proper French pattern. For Parliamentary liberties, social liberties, and the safety of people who do not agree with them they simply do not care a straw. They are quite sure that they are the good and their enemies are the bad, and they are indifferent to the means so long as the good cause wins. As, however, their ideas of what they want are rather vague, they give them a sort of consistency by using the name of a person, and call them the MARSHAL; and in the same way they impart a sort of substance to their still vaguer ideas of what they hate, and call them GAMBETTA. As the electoral struggle has proceeded they have gradually learnt that, if a system is to succeed, it must have agents to work it, and that the Government of their choice must be of some definite political type. They have found that the only agents they can use effectively are the Bonapartist agents, and that the only political type they can secure is the Empire. They have drifted into Imperialism often unconsciously and often reluctantly. But they have come to think that to wish the end is to wish the means. The reign of good people, of gentlemanlike people, of elegant, respectable, timorous people, based on a wholesale, unscrupulous suppression of bad, coarse, audacious people, is the Empire, in other words; and the strength of the Imperialists lies, not in their being respected or liked, but in their being indispensable.

Neither the MARSHAL, nor the Ministry, nor the supporters of the Ministry can be justly accused of treason to the Republic. The Republic was not set up as a definitive form of government, to overthrow which would be disloyal. It was a form of government which was to last until it was revised; and by revision it was meant that it might be established on a permanent footing or extinguished. As soon as this curious arrangement began to work, it was found that a very large majority of French electors wished to see the temporary Republic so worked that it might have a fair chance of becoming a permanent

Republic. That the electors, having got into this frame of mind, might very probably be confirmed in it, was the danger that confronted those whose whole way of thinking is opposed to what they conceive to be the Republican way of thinking. They therefore determined to act while there was time, and to arrest Republicanism before it got too strong. They calculated that, by very persistent and remorseless bullying, a sufficient number of electors might be frightened out of Republican opinions while these opinions were still new to them. They ventured therefore on the bold stroke of the 16th of May. Once committed to this course, they were obliged to give the Bonapartists the prominence they deserved as the supporters of the only system of government that really represents the views of the party opposed to the Republic, and the only efficient artists in handling the administrative weapons on which the Ministry was obliged to rely, as there was no hope of converting the electors by mere appeals to reason. The only issue throughout has been between the Republic and something not the Republic, and the party of the MARSHAL has discovered, if it did not know beforehand, that the other something must be the Empire. The Government has started about five hundred official candidates, and not a single Government candidate has come forward as a supporter of a definitive Republic even of the most Conservative type. The Ministry are perfectly aware that in the main what the Republicans mean by Republicanism is what we in England mean by constitutional liberty. But they have to choose between constitutional liberty coupled with the advance of ideas which they dislike, and the Empire coupled with the repression of those ideas; and they prefer the Empire, and this is the feeling of the bulk of their supporters. The Bonapartists as a party had nothing to do with the move of the 16th of May, and even now many of them probably regret that it was made. For their purposes it was premature. The calamities of the Empire are too fresh, the PRINCE IMPERIAL is too young, the Republicans have done nothing to which any one can object except those who object to everything done by Republicans; and, although they must enjoy seeing all their arts of government put in force, and the Duke of BROGLIE adopting M. DE MAUPAS as an official candidate, still they may wish they had been preserved from their new friends. The act of the 16th of May, and the kind of Government established since that day, have naturally pleased the Imperialists, in so far as they are a tribute to their way of doing business, and as having established that nothing but the Empire can replace the Republic. But they are really out of keeping with Napoleonic traditions, which have always embodied the doctrine that the wise tyrant first gets the majority with him, and then bullies the minority. To begin by bullying the majority naturally seems to Imperialists a clumsy and unscientific way of setting to work.

To-morrow will show whether, under these strange circumstances, bullying can turn a Republican majority into a minority, and open a free career to the Empire. On both sides the forces are very strong, and both sides are very confident. The Republicans estimate that the new Assembly will contain 400 Republicans, 100 Bonapartists, and 20 other Monarchists. The Ministry calculate on a gain of over one hundred seats, and they hope for a majority of at least twenty in the new Assembly. Which estimate is right or most nearly right? It must be assumed that the votes will be honestly counted, although it would be affectation to pretend

that this is at all certain. But, if the French people are allowed to record their votes, which way will they go? No one—the Ministry least of all—doubts that, if the electors had been left to themselves, the result would be an overwhelming Republican majority. And the Republicans ask themselves why, with all the bullying that has been going on and is going on, this result should be seriously altered. They have kept up their organization in the highest state of perfection. They have had at their command any number of new candidates from among men of wealth and high local repute. They rely on the passionate, if silent, resentment which the tyranny of the Government has provoked. They touch many chords which vibrate strongly in French breasts; the thought of the humiliation of Sedan, the fear of foreign war, the distrust of the priests, apprehension of civil war, or at least protracted insecurity and stagnation of business, the memory of THIERS, and the courage of some of their leaders and the wisdom of others. On the other hand, bullying can do a great deal in France, and peaceful, orderly resistance to governmental bullying is something new to the French people. How sweeping and unscrupulous has been the bullying to which the electors have been subjected for the last few months cannot be realized by any one who has not been in France. Every one in the remotest degree dependent on the Government who has been even suspected of a want of heartiness in swallowing the whole Government programme has been summarily deprived of his daily bread. No papers except Government papers are allowed at railway stations. It has been declared to be a crime to distribute a photograph of M. THIERS. If a provincial *café* has had the misfortune to sell coffee and absinthe to too many Republicans, it has been shut up. For a *Maire* to speak publicly to a Republican candidate has cost him his office. Prominent Republicans are dogged by the police, and spies are as frequent and as busy as in the worst days of the Empire. That all this will not tell to-morrow, and tell heavily, is too much to expect. That it will tell as much as the Government hopes is perhaps improbable. And it may be added that there is one element of weakness in the Government cause which may tell much against it. Although the Government party as a whole allow that, to assure its ultimate success, they must accept the Empire, there are many in its ranks who detest and dread the Empire, who think that their own form of Monarchy has been unduly rejected or slighted, and who even think they would prefer a Republic to the worst form of Monarchy of which they know. The pressure of the Government and of the party has been too strong for expressions of open resistance on the part of such men, but they may throw over the Government and their party under the shelter of the Ballot, or by abstaining from the poll. There are many sore spirits among the Legitimists, and there are Orleanists who have qualms about deserting the principles of a lifetime, and who do not see much attraction in the prospect of their favourite dukes and princes being driven again into exile. The apparent compactness of the Government party is probably more delusive than the apparent compactness of the Republican party; but still there is always the bullying on the side of the Government; and nothing but the result of the poll will show that bullying has not once more gained one of its many triumphs.

#### THE WAR.

**T**HE final result of the repeated battles on the east of Kars is still not fully known; but there is reason to believe that the Russian campaign has virtually ended in failure. The heavy losses inflicted on the invading army must have reduced its numbers too largely to permit a winter blockade of Kars; and before the next summer the fortress may be placed in a condition to resist a prolonged siege. The assumption of the real or nominal command of the army by the Grand Duke MICHAEL in person showed both the importance of the recent movement and the confident hopes of success which were entertained. The plan of attack appears to have been well devised for the purpose of cutting off MOUKHTAR's main army from Kars; and at the outset it seemed that the object of the Russian general had been attained by breaking through the

Turkish centre; but either the reserves were insufficient, or the position was retaken by force. The explanation of the retreat as caused by want of water sounded like an excuse for defeat or weakness. In a later stage of the conflict the Russians had withdrawn to the rear of their former position; and apparently the Turks assumed the offensive. At the beginning of the war it was thought not improbable that one of its principal objects was to effect the conquest of Armenia, and perhaps of a part of Asia Minor. It was certain that no Continental Power would concern itself with Russian conquests of Asiatic provinces, while it would be difficult for the invader to retain acquisitions which might be made in Europe. There is reason to suppose that the Russian Government and its military advisers underrated the Turkish capacity of resistance in Asia as in Europe. No invasion of Armenia would have been attempted if it had been thought possible that, after several victorious combats, the Turkish troops should both retain nearly all their original positions, and a portion of them be actually quartered in Russian territory. In Asia, as in Europe, the Russians have cause to regret the practice of entrusting the highest commands to members of the Imperial family. It happens that the only Prince with whose services the Turks are encumbered has displayed both incapacity and slackness. It is not impossible that exaggerated rumours of Russian failure may reach the remote East, and encourage the tribes of Central Asia to rise once more against their conquerors.

There is reason to suppose that the hope of taking Plevna before the later autumn has not been abandoned. General TODLEBEN, the Grand Duke NICHOLAS, and all the chief generals are in the immediate neighbourhood; and regular approaches to the redoubt in the rear of Gravitza have been for some time in progress. The large and effective reinforcements which have lately arrived from Russia have probably been directed to Plevna since the retreat of MEHEMET ALI behind the Lom. Some military critics conjecture that the Russians hope to invest the position, and to take the army which forms the garrison prisoners; but it seems extremely unlikely that GHAZI OSMAN, who has shown himself a prudent and vigorous commander, will allow himself tamely to be caught in a trap. The Russians showed a want of skill and energy in allowing an important convoy to reach Plevna notwithstanding their own great superiority in cavalry; and it is reported that a second convoy has been equally fortunate in eluding their vigilance. There appears to be little doubt that further powerful reinforcements have succeeded in reaching OSMAN PASHA. General GOURKO now commands the troops in the rear of Plevna in place of General KRILOFF, who is plausibly accused of weakness and incapacity. The state of the Turkish army within the defences is wholly unknown. If GHAZI OSMAN is sufficiently provided with provisions and material of war, there is no reason why he should evacuate Plevna, even if some of his works are taken by the enemy. As he made the fortress out of nothing, he is probably capable of raising fresh earthworks when they are required for defence. The Russian capture of the Gravitza redoubt, which was at first supposed to be decisive, has been followed by a long interval of inaction. At the worst the Turkish commander would probably be strong enough to cut his way through any force with which General GOURKO might attempt to intercept his retreat. It is reported that the Turks are constructing new lines of defence at Orkanye, and long before the invader can reach Adrianople the autumnal weather will render lengthened communications difficult and dangerous. The Russians already find their movements impeded by the state of the roads; and it is believed that the army in front of Plevna suffers seriously from illness. If it is true that CHEFKET PASHA has entered Plevna, the defending force is formidable in numbers; and an additional proof is afforded that the place is not invested.

It is fortunate that the late changes in the military commands have not reached the ablest and most successful of the generals. It is still uncertain whether the substitution of SULEIMAN for MEHEMET ALI indicates a definite policy, or results from a mere palace intrigue. In either case it seems to have been injudicious; for, while SULEIMAN has wantonly sacrificed some of the best of the SULTAN's troops, MEHEMET ALI has defeated the enemy in several combats; and, although he has not thought himself strong enough to attack the Russian lines, he has saved his own army from disaster, and he has delayed to the present time



the commencement of the siege of Rustchuk. It is probably conjectured that SULEIMAN is comparatively a favourite with the confidential advisers of the SULTAN, who are believed to have encouraged him in his refusal to re-inforce either OSMAN or MEHEMET ALL. As a genuine Turk he is perhaps preferred to an officer of European extraction who adopted the profession of Mahometanism in his youth. MEHEMET ALI is, probably with great advantage, assisted by German officers, who may perhaps be dismissed by SULEIMAN. According to one account, MEHEMET himself says that he was recalled because he refused to dash his head against a wall. If the statement is true, SULEIMAN has probably pledged himself to attack the Russian army which surrounds Biela, with the almost certain consequence of incurring a defeat. According to the latest rumours, he meditates an attack on the Lower Lom, which, in the event of success, would enable him to interrupt the enemy's communications. The movements of both armies must be largely dependent on the weather. Some enthusiasts have persuaded themselves that the superiority of the Turkish troops to their adversaries ensures them victory, even when they engage a force stronger than their own; but observers of the campaign have not satisfied themselves that, with equal numbers, the Russians are not a match for the Turks. The Guards, to whom the post of danger will now probably be assigned, have firearms which are thought to be as effective as the Turkish rifles. It is not for the interest of the Turks to engage in contests where the chances are equally balanced. The Russians have hitherto suffered heavier losses; but they are better able to bear them. A decisive defeat of SULEIMAN's army would open the way to Rustchuk, and, as an indirect result, it would probably necessitate the evacuation of Plevna.

The useless and hopeless struggle on the borders of Montenegro still occupies a Turkish force which might perform good service against the Russians. If it is true that Prince NICHOLAS is now willing to make peace in consideration of a moderate cession of territory, it would be judicious to take the opportunity of a settlement which might probably be lasting. The Montenegrins have displayed unsurpassed heroism much more in the hope of material gains than through sentimental sympathy with oppressed Christians. For many generations they have desired an addition of more fertile land to their barren mountains, and they would become less restless if they found themselves better off. The present PRINCE, who is in perfect sympathy with his people, is essentially a man of business. He may perhaps have made up his mind that, if a satisfactory bargain can be made with the Porte, there is no advantage in waiting for the aid of Russia, which might probably put a price on any good offices which might be rendered. There is no similar opening for negotiation with Servia. Prince MILAN and his Government are evidently waiting for some decided Russian success before they support what is not yet known to be a winning cause. They are not embarrassed by the total absence of any cause of quarrel with Turkey; but they know that during the winter a Turkish army might, if the Russians were at a distance, take the opportunity of punishing their malignant perfidy. The Roumanians have already begun to regret the impulse which induced them to engage in an unprovoked war of aggression. An adroit Government might perhaps profit by the discontent of Russian auxiliaries and by the diversity of their interests; but the Porte is probably resolved to rely solely upon force. A second campaign may perhaps destroy the confidence which naturally follows the display of unsuspected powers of resistance.

#### LORD SALISBURY AT BRADFORD.

BRADFORD has given Lord SALISBURY an ample and welcome opportunity of having his say on every question that happens to interest him. He did not go to Bradford to touch on the outside of a few points of current politics, or to talk the platitudes which gain a man the reputation of good sense, but to speak out all he wanted to utter on the things which really have a hold on his mind. In a single day he discussed the Indian famine, Indian finance, the origin and prospects of the present war, the general duties of England when peace is endangered, the past and present position of the Liberal party, the characteristics of Conservative legislation, the Irish obstructives, and the difficulties of Conservative organization.

On every one of these subjects Lord SALISBURY spoke with his usual point and vigour, contriving on each to say something that was new, and much that was true. He could not be expected to be quite fair to the Liberal party. He had to make points which it gave him a keen pleasure to make, and which would tell with the Conservative Association he was addressing; and he made game of Liberal leaders and mocked at the parades of Liberal historical retrospects. This was only playing to a Conservative gallery the business of a Conservative leader. But on all the greater questions of statesmanship Lord SALISBURY spoke with equal brilliancy of language and justness of thought. Nothing could have been better in its style than his exposure of the fallacy which sees an heroic remedy for Indian famines in the sudden creation of a vast system of irrigation. If famines only came in regions where irrigation is physically possible the remedy might be applicable. But unfortunately the native population, in reliance on the annual rains, spreads over districts where irrigation is not possible, because there are no great rivers from which to take the water, and no plains over which to conduct it. The Bradford Chamber of Commerce once more invited Lord SALISBURY's attention to the Indian duty on English manufactured goods, and he once more proclaimed his adherence to the severest doctrines of Free-trade. That the duty has been condemned by the House of Commons was, he thought, not only a welcome sign of fidelity to the true creed, but an instruction to Indian Secretaries which, whoever may be in office, they are bound to carry out. The only question is one of opportuneness, and a diminution of revenue is scarcely to be hazarded in face of the famine expenditure, which Lord SALISBURY now estimates at a minimum of eleven millions. It is perhaps surprising that, while so much is said of the enormous burden which the accidental calamity of the Indian famine will impose on India, so little should be said of the accidental windfall which will soon offer itself to the Indian Government. Lord SALISBURY, as he will have to bargain with the railways, may think it prudent to be silent; but those who have not to exercise an official discretion on the subject need not overlook the fact that in a comparatively few months one Company alone, the East Indian, will have to pay for the renewal of its existence a fine which, in one shape or another, must amount to many millions sterling. If the State gave the Company a perpetual concession without future participation in profits, it might fairly ask and would easily obtain a payment in cash of at least ten millions sterling. Lord SALISBURY may not like to lose all control over the future of an Indian railway, and may make a different arrangement; but in one shape or other he will always have his ten millions to the good. In one way or other the East Indian Company can perfectly afford to pay off the whole famine debt, and would probably make a very good bargain if it offered to do so.

Lord SALISBURY is far too sensible, and has far too firm a grasp of facts, to delude himself or to wish to delude others into the belief that some fine day before long the world is likely to wake up and find that Russia and Turkey have flung themselves into each other's arms and sworn to live henceforth as brothers. Two great nations, each fighting for existence, do not come together on such easy terms; and that Russia, as much as Turkey, is fighting for what is to her existence, has been made conspicuously clear by the statement which, whether true altogether or not, sufficiently indicates the current of popular opinion, that France, no longer counting Russia among the military Powers, is courting an Austrian alliance. Russia, excluded from the councils of Europe as a nation of beaten barbarians, is a Russia so different from the Russia for which Russians fight, live, and die that it would not be Russia at all. That England should have been kept out of the struggle is not only gratifying in itself, but highly creditable to the Ministry. They have saved England from committing a grievous mistake, and they deserve every reward they can desire for their prudence and firmness in maintaining peace. But, however just and wise Lord SALISBURY's main views were on this great question of the proper policy of England, he certainly laid himself open to criticism by the language he used on some subordinate parts of the subject. He states in the most emphatic terms that throughout, from the first day when the Eastern question arose until the present hour, the whole Cabinet has been unwavering in its decision to keep England out of the

struggle and to help neither the Russians nor the Turks. We may accept this as true, although Lord SALISBURY may be asked to consider for a moment whether a Minister who was possessed by the thoughts which Lord SALISBURY uttered at Bradford could possibly have used the language employed by the PREMIER last November. But, if the Ministry had this inflexible desire for peace, it is certain that their supporters in the Commons were in a very different mood, and would have passionately welcomed a declaration of war on behalf of Turkey. The service rendered by the Opposition may not perhaps have been to suggest a pacific policy to the Ministry; but at any rate it supported this policy, so that the Ministry had an opportunity of carrying it out. If the Liberals had joined the Conservatives in a cry for war against Russia, the Ministry would have had no means of resistance. It was the Ministry and the Opposition that saved the country from war, and if the Ministry is to have credit for what was done, its virtual allies ought to have their share in the gratitude of the nation. Lord SALISBURY also weakened his general advocacy of peace by an unfortunate illustration. He compared the Cabinet to trustees, or to a body like the Directors of a Railway Company, and said that there was nothing grand or brave in a Cabinet which spent the lives and money of other people in war, any more than there was in a Board which spent the money of the shareholders in a contest with another Company. The obvious answer is that Directors engage in such a contest sometimes wisely and sometimes recklessly. If they are wise in undertaking the struggle, they are spending the money of other people in a mode in which those who made them Directors, and who pay the money, must be taken to wish it spent. Sometimes Directors who resolve on a wise course are also courageous if they adopt it. They may see perils which persons outside the Board cannot see, and then it requires some boldness to enforce their views on people who do not comprehend what they are doing. A Cabinet, too, in conceivable circumstances may show boldness as well as wisdom in taking the risk of a war on itself. Fortunately the present Cabinet has not had any occasion for the exercise of this difficult kind of virtue. Its wisdom has been shown in keeping out of war, and its courage has only been tested by having to repress its followers.

When Lord SALISBURY passed to the small arena of home politics, he had to raise the spirits of Conservative hearers by laughing at Liberal leaders, and he selected Lord GRANVILLE, who lately spoke at Bradford, as the chief subject of his pleasantry. It is always difficult to know whether it is worth while to bestow any serious examination on what is said under such circumstances. Lord GRANVILLE had expressed a wonder that the present Ministry had not the ambition to make a mark in the annals of the country by undertaking measures which they thought right, but found difficult. It is easy to suggest the kind of measures to which Lord GRANVILLE referred. The Government often announces its willingness to take up really difficult measures, such as the reform of county administration or the appointment of a public prosecutor. But practically it always selects the measures that are easiest to carry, and it shapes them in the form in which they may be most easily carried. The Cabinet may say that easy measures shaped in an easy form are exactly what the country at present likes. So far as can be judged by appearances, this is true; but to insist on it lays the Ministry open to the remarks that it is content with a rather humble part, and it engenders a suspicion that the country, if it finds Conservatives always shrink from difficult tasks, will some day find other persons to undertake such tasks. In order to parry this remark and allay this suspicion, Lord SALISBURY distorted Lord GRANVILLE'S observation into a sort of disclosure of a great Liberal secret, and said that he had now discovered that the idea of a Liberal Cabinet was that every member of it should have, at any cost, the opportunity of bustling himself into notoriety by associating his name with a startling and hazardous Bill. Lord SALISBURY got on much safer ground when he proceeded to give his views about the obstructives. It is not only the Ministry, but Parliament and the nation, that have to complain of them. In a somewhat broad, but very felicitous and humorous, metaphor he described the process by which the obstructives hope to get Ireland ejected from the body of Parliament, and, if ridicule is the test of truth, Lord SALISBURY has done as much as can be

done to subject the truth of Home Rule opinions to the experiment. Time is in this case running in favour of the Government, and there were signs at the last meeting of the Home Rulers that the obstructives will be induced to be more on their guard next Session, and that even Mr. PARNELL may learn to find a greater pleasure in calling Mr. BUTT an informer than in making sleepy Englishmen walk in and out of lobbies. Irishmen may be more penetrable by a joke than by reason, and Lord SALISBURY'S stinging pleasantry may be more efficacious than Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE'S courteous gravity. If so, Lord SALISBURY will have conferred a benefit on his country in addition to those he has already conferred by his wise administration and by his resolute maintenance of a pacific policy.

#### THE SOUTH CAROLINA RING.

THE prosecution of fraudulent members of the late Republican Government and Legislature of South Carolina may perhaps be politic, and, if the accused persons are guilty, it is undeniably just. But it unfortunately happens that in the United States, as in some other countries, judicial proceedings are occasionally used for the promotion of party interests. Minor irregularities might be judiciously condoned in a State which has recovered its independence after many years of subjection to an indigenous rabble which was maintained in power by its alliance with the Republican party in the North. A curious combination of circumstances converted a final act of fraud into the occasion of the downfall of the dominant faction. The Board appointed for the purpose of supervising the elections in the last autumn impudently falsified the returns, with the result of giving the Republican candidate for the Presidency an ostensible majority. The South Carolina assessors may console themselves for the ignominy which they have incurred by the reflection that they stand on the same moral level with the members of a Joint Committee appointed by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States. Every member of a body appointed to discharge a judicial duty of the gravest importance voted throughout with his own party; and consequently the Republicans, having secured a casual majority, accepted with full knowledge the fraudulent returns of South Carolina and of Louisiana. The local delinquents might well think that they had deserved well of their party; but the Republican managers both at Charlestown and at Washington were disappointed by the occurrence of an event on which they had never counted. For the purpose of obtaining impunity for past misdeeds, and facilities for embezzlement in the future, the Republicans of South Carolina had procured the election of a Republican President; but they found to their surprise and discomfiture that they had unintentionally contributed to the elevation of an honest man. Mr. HAYES had not been an accomplice in the frauds which made him President, nor had he the smallest disposition to perpetuate misgovernment for the benefit of his officious partisans. The adoption by Congress of the falsified returns had been excused on the pretext that the certificate of the Governor of a State was in all cases conclusive. Fortunately the law could not be strained so far as to render valid the State elections which had been vitiated by the same dishonest process. Mr. HAYES accordingly recognized Mr. WADE HAMPTON, the Democratic candidate for the office of Governor, who had been returned by an undoubted majority. The State Legislature is also hostile to the Republicans, and its determination to punish the misdeeds of a gang of swindlers who had previously controlled the Government and the Legislature is not unnatural.

One of the former Senators of the State facilitated detection, and at the same time anticipated the punishment of his crimes, by taking flight with a large sum in money and securities representing the proceeds of his embezzlements. At New York he attempted to console himself by excessive drinking, which caused his death on his subsequent arrival at Baltimore. A sum of 10,000*l.* found in his baggage was handed over to the proper authorities in South Carolina. Mr. OWENS was probably a fair specimen of the class which had, through the favour of the Republicans, disposed for many years of the rights and property of the respectable inhabitants of the State. South Carolina may boast that, notwithstanding its com-



parative poverty and the scantiness of its population, the local frauds are equal in amount to the celebrated embezzlements of the City of New York. A gang of politicians divided among themselves millions of dollars belonging to the State by various methods which, though they may have exhibited a certain versatility of invention, depended for their success on a simple and uniform machinery. The managers of the Republican party had the Legislature in their pay; and their liberality to its members was measured by the amounts which were to be obtained by the co-operation of the supposed representatives of the people. The ordinary fee of a member who voted for one of the Bills of the governing conspirators ranged from 100l. to 1,000l. As the coloured constituency of the Republican legislators probably paid little or nothing in the shape of taxes, the whole burden of maintaining and enriching the gang of officials must have fallen on the better class, which has now, for the first time since the Civil War, resumed the management of its own affairs. The final severance between taxation and representation to which English demagogues aspire had been for the time fully accomplished in South Carolina. As might be expected, the State contributed its share to the corruption, which is not unknown at Washington. A Mr. PATERSON, United States Senator for South Carolina, is said to have embezzled public funds on the largest scale. As every vote in the Senate is now of the utmost value to the Republicans, Mr. PATERSON may confidently reckon on the patronage of a powerful party. If Mr. HAYES had refused to recognize Mr. WADE HAMPTON, the associated swindlers would probably have governed and plundered the State for another term. The bitter hostility of the section of the Republican party which is led by Mr. CONKLING is explained by the preference which the PRESIDENT has displayed for his duty to the Republic over his allegiance to a faction.

As if for the purpose of showing that American corruption is independent of party distinctions, the notorious TWEED has lately made statements before a Committee of New York Aldermen which purport to be a full confession of guilt. It is not necessary to assume that villains, either in England or America, adhere too scrupulously to truth when they find it convenient to betray their accomplices. During a late inquiry at Bow Street, the mob from day to day applauded the convicts who, by their own confession, were criminals of the deepest dye. TWEED enjoys a kind of popularity with the same class in New York; and there is reason to fear that in both countries a demoralizing effect may be produced by the publication of the profits which may be obtained by fraud. The thousands which are levied by English sharpers from credulous victims are insignificant in comparison with the gigantic gains of TWEED and his accomplices. The corrupt influence which he exercised also operated on associates and agents of higher pretensions than those of English or French speculators on the turf. It was expedient for his purpose to obtain a charter for the City from the Legislature of the State; and in the ordinary course of affairs he could only reckon on the votes of the Democrats, who recognized his importance as a principal member of their party. He consequently determined to buy up the Republican Senators who were at the time engaged in an intrigue for the purpose of establishing a rivalry with TWEED on the part of a section of the Democrats. On arriving at the State capital at Albany, TWEED sent for the Republican leader, who was also a principal journalist of the party, and, after some negotiation, he purchased the support of a sufficient number of Senators for sums varying from eight to ten thousand pounds each. His object was to control the Republican Caucus, which, according to American custom, disposes of the votes of the party; and ultimately his charter was passed by a majority of thirty to two. Except as an instance of amusing and successful audacity, it is not worth while to study the autobiography of a consummate scoundrel. The interest of the story consists, not in his ingenious devices for enriching himself, but in his well-founded confidence that the Senators of New York were to be purchased, if only a sufficient price was forthcoming. Some of his accomplices are still conspicuous members of the party; others have probably sunk into obscurity. According to his account, Republican Senators were open to bribes not only from private speculators, but from the leader of the opposite faction. It was already well known that the majority of the electors of the City of New York followed TWEED with the full

knowledge that he was amassing a fortune by speculation of public property.

Within a few years pecuniary corruption has extended from the Governments and Legislatures of the several States to the Congress and to the Cabinet at Washington. A large proportion of the Republican leaders have been convicted of acts of dishonesty; and there is no reason to suppose that the plague has abated, although the actual PRESIDENT and his Ministers are anxious to promote administrative purity. If TWEED's revelations are believed, there must be a strong suspicion that the present New York Legislature would also not be incorruptible. A late Speaker of the Federal House of Representatives, a late Vice-President of the Union, a late Secretary for War, have accepted paltry bribes; and future dignitaries of equal rank may not be less accessible to gain. It would argue unsound judgment as well as bad taste on the part of Englishmen to assume that their countrymen would, under the same institutions, be less corrupt than Americans. Democracy would probably produce the same results on this side of the Atlantic, if indeed the venal class is not here proportionally larger. One of the Senators who took a bribe from TWEED plaintively remarked that he was only a poor farmer. It seems a sound inference that poor farmers ought not to be exposed to the temptation of being Senators. Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. BRIGHT, and other orators of similar opinions, often assert that the possession of a vote in itself promotes virtuous independence and manly self-respect. On the other hand, it is probable that an Irish workman at New York would be an honest and better man if he had no vote to give in answer to appeals to his worst passions and prejudices. It is more to the purpose in framing political constitutions to inquire whether they tend to give power to the best and most upright portion of the community. If household suffrage in counties, as proposed by Lord HARTINGTON, or universal suffrage, as desired by Mr. GLADSTONE, tends to produce TWEEDS and PATERSONS and OWENSES, the supposed anomalies of large and small constituencies, and of diversities of franchise, are more tolerable than systematic robbery.

#### SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE AT EXETER.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE took the occasion of presiding at a meeting of the Exeter Chamber of Commerce to deliver an excellent speech against reciprocity or retaliation in commercial tariffs. Nothing is more natural than the disposition to punish, by the imposition of protective duties, the perversity of foreign Governments in discouraging English trade; but, as Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE explained, consumers at home, as well as foreign producers, would be punished by an artificial increase of prices. There are many manufacturers who would approve of a differential rate of forty or fifty per cent. on Spanish goods; and, if the Swiss still more wantonly attempt to exclude English imports, they will of course become objects of similar feelings of resentment. The true remedy for a vexatious toll on a highway is not to set up a second turnpike-gate. If the wealth of England is diminished by fiscal restrictions on trade, it will become still more necessary than at present to buy commodities as cheaply as possible. The ignorance of economic principles which enables manufacturers to influence their respective Governments to the detriment of the general community is constantly seconded by mere spite and envy. Spanish producers have always been jealous of the industrial prosperity of England. A popular belief existed thirty or forty years ago that the Peninsular War was undertaken for the purpose of ruining two or three mills at Madrid of which no one in England had ever heard. Prejudices almost as outrageous are still cultivated by unscrupulous writers; and in Spain, as in the greater part of the world, sellers have no difficulty in deluding and plundering the mass of buyers. The two countries are well adapted to commercial intercourse which would be mutually advantageous. Among other articles, Spanish wines find their best market in England; and the peculiar qualities of Spanish iron ore supply corresponding defects in the produce of Cleveland and South Wales; yet for some generations Spanish legislation has been largely directed to the discouragement of English trade. In deprecating retaliatory measures Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE made no reference to a legitimate mode of pressure which may consist in the suspension or refusal of an intended boon. While the Spanish

Government refuses to England the privileges of favoured nations, it is quite unnecessary to undertake the gratuitous concession of suppressing contraband trade with the ports of Andalusia. Even the doubtful question of the alcoholic standard as applied to the wine duties may perhaps be advantageously postponed to a time when threats are no longer used to extort commercial concessions. It is absurd to suppose that the test was devised for the purpose of favouring France at the expense of Spain.

A Chancellor of the Exchequer would seem to be more appropriately engaged in dispelling economic fallacies than in guessing with the outer world at the possible contingencies of a war over which his Government exercises no influence; but Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE is not exempted from the inevitable doom which at present affects public speakers. A few manufacturers may care more for the Spanish tariff than for battles in Bulgaria or Armenia; but an audience assembled to hear a Minister of State naturally expects him to say something on the subject which has long absorbed public attention. In responding to the implied call, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE may perhaps have been aware that he was almost certain to produce an erroneous impression. An oracle cannot engage in common conversation without the risk of misunderstanding. Every utterance from the sacred tripod is thought to partake of the nature of inspiration; and mere generalities are mistaken for imperfect disclosures of profound secrets. On the whole it seems probable that Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE had nothing to say, and that accordingly he said nothing; but when he remarked that a fresh surprise would not be surprising, he has been understood by some readers of his speech to open a prospect of some negotiation or pacific settlement. The purpose of the speaker was perhaps rather to promote any conciliatory disposition on the part of either belligerent than to express a merely speculative opinion. He complimented both Turks and Russians on the valour which both armies have undoubtedly displayed, and he suggested that they might consequently bring the war to a close without compromising their military reputation. If Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE had been in possession of any special knowledge he would probably have avoided the risk of premature disclosure. The first overtures for peace in the middle of a war are for the most part delicate and covert; and possible beginnings of negotiation might be interrupted or thwarted by publicity. The substitute for public opinion which exists in Russia would accept any decision of the Imperial Government; but as long as a policy is open to discussion, journalists and politicians in society may throw impediments in the way of any conclusion which they dislike.

Although it is true that surprises are possible, it is perhaps more judicious to reason from likelihood than to encourage conjectures merely because they seem improbable. There are many material indications of the Russian intention to prosecute the war through a second campaign. Large contracts have been made for the various articles which will be required by an army wintering on either bank of the Danube. Huts and clothing, and instruments for breaking ice which might threaten the safety of the bridges, have been provided or bespoken at great expense. The Turks, on their part, announce a provision of warm clothing for 600,000 men, or for double the number of their actual army. It is stated that a new levy of soldiers is to be made in the Russian provinces; and the continuance of the operations against Plevna can only be explained by the desire of the Russian commanders to relieve themselves during the winter from the vicinity of a hostile army. It may be admitted that preparations for war might not improbably be expedient, even if there were a prospect of early peace; but the political reasons against an abandonment of the Russian enterprise are more conclusive than military operations. The army indeed has fully proved its courage and endurance; but military reputation depends not on the qualities of soldiers, but on the power of defeating an equal or superior enemy. By general consent the Russian generals have, with few exceptions, failed in vigour or in skill; and it is at least certain that they have not attained the results which were anticipated at the beginning of the war. Except that the comparatively insignificant position of Nicopolis was seized at the outset of the campaign, the Russians have not taken a single European fortress, nor have they defeated a Turkish army in the field. In Asia they are said to have incurred losses which must render the further prosecution

of the campaign during the present season difficult or impossible.

Even if the Emperor of RUSSIA were inclined to disregard considerations of military pride, he would probably shrink from a conclusion of the war until he had either achieved some territorial conquest or obtained definite political concessions. His dominions have, down to the present time, not been extended except by the virtual subjection of Roumania, which may now be regarded as a Russian dependency. Even his Servian clients haggle about the terms on which they are to render service to the paramount Power; and Greece is still at peace with the Turks. Above all, the mass of the Bulgarians, for whose benefit the war was professedly undertaken, have not been liberated; and the evacuation of the province by the Russian army might not improbably be followed by lamentable acts of vengeance on the part of the Turks. The Porte would probably be glad to obtain tolerable terms of peace; and it might consent, as far as Turkey was concerned, to the passage of Russian fleets through the narrow seas. There would be no reluctance to promise favourable treatment of the SULTAN'S Christian subjects; but any proposal of the nature of the schemes discussed at the Conference for foreign interference with Turkish administration would be peremptorily rejected. The acceptance by Russia of any conditions to which Turkey is likely to submit would, notwithstanding Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE'S complimentary phrases, be a virtual confession of defeat. All Europe would rejoice at the surprise which is supposed to be imminent because it would be paradoxical. The hope of a miracle may serve to amuse the Exeter Chamber of Commerce, but it will not be generally shared.

#### MR. GLADSTONE AND IRELAND.

A REMARKABLE man is going to visit a remarkable country. If it were any other man than Mr. GLADSTONE who was going to visit Ireland, or if it were any other country than Ireland that Mr. GLADSTONE was going to visit, there would be nothing to interest the public. As it is, romantic fancies speculate on the possibility of the visit giving rise to something odd and unexpected. Mr. GLADSTONE himself sees nothing that can interest his countrymen in the little tour he proposes to make. He has no intention of doing more than stay in the houses of a few friends, and there is nothing very exceptional or sensational in this. But then there is nothing very remarkable in a gentleman's hacking a tree in his own grounds, and yet excursion trains are run to see Mr. GLADSTONE go through the performance; and when the excursionists arrive the woodman explains his latest and most corrected sentiments about the Russian war. To Englishmen Mr. GLADSTONE has always the merit of being interesting. He is at once inventive and earnest. He is always thinking of something, and no one can say what it will be. Whatever he thinks of he puts forward as the one thing under the sun worthy of solemn thought, and no one can predict how enormous will be the pre-eminence he will give to the subject of his musings. When he was in the height of his power Ireland held a chief place in his thoughts. He thought about Ireland, and made all England think about Ireland with him. It is the memory of this part of his career that gives a tinge of romance to his visit to Ireland. The inventive man is going to the region which once afforded scope for his inventiveness. It is as if Lord BYRON in his old age had steamed through the Isles of Greece. He would have gone in a prosaic way, and after his power of verse-writing might have faded. But still it would have been pronounced an interesting occurrence, and Special Correspondents might have hoped to make something out of it. Inventive statesmanship is now out of fashion. People want something more plain and simple and businesslike. It is as if they liked to read Mr. MURRAY'S letters to Lord BYRON rather than Lord BYRON'S letters to Mr. MURRAY. But still they are open to having old stirring memories temporarily revived; and they are not quite sure but what after all they may have something new to admire or to ridicule.

There is also a subsidiary point of interest in connexion with Mr. GLADSTONE'S visit. Will the Irish people show any gratitude to him? He thought, he laboured, he spoke for them. He suffered in their cause, for the defeat of Mr. GLADSTONE'S third great Irish Bill was the beginning of the break-up of his Ministry. But the Irish are known to



be remarkable people, and one of the peculiarities of remarkable people is that no one can say what they will do. If there are some reasons for thinking that the Irish might be grateful to Mr. GLADSTONE, there are other reasons equally strong for thinking that their sentiments will pronounce in favour of a pitying indifference being the most appropriate tribute they can pay. So far as gratitude is an expectation of good things to come, they may reason that Mr. GLADSTONE cannot do much more for them. He is out of power now, and may be out of power for the rest of his life. They may reflect that they have been in some degree eclipsed as subjects of his thoughts, and have been superseded by the Bulgarians. Then the things that Mr. GLADSTONE did for them may seem poor, old-fashioned, trivial things now. The disestablishment of the Church has not given very acute pleasure to any one except the landlords, who made an uncommonly good bargain out of it, and the laymen who now take an active, if modest, part in synods. The Land Act is justly described and denounced as a measure which fell very far short of giving the whole land of the country to people who had no claim to it. The University Bill which Mr. BUTT says the Irish want is a very different Bill from that which Mr. GLADSTONE proposed. The Irish have indeed other things and other men to think of. A patriot whose soul glows with admiration for the heroic PARNELL and the unquenchable BIGGAR, and who believes that early next year the Saxon Parliament will go down on its knees and ask for mercy from the obstructives, cannot have room for much thought about an Englishman who induced this Parliament to make some trifling concessions to Ireland, which did not amount to a fiftieth part of what all true Irishmen know that some Irishmen think they want. At the same time no one can doubt that there is another side of the Irish character. Englishmen cannot, from a political point of view, approve of Irishmen, but they never dislike them. Irishmen are comic and unreasonable, but they are generous, and have a charm that attracts, even if it does not win esteem. Mr. GLADSTONE probably does not expect the Irish to be grateful to him, and he has, we may confidently hope, pride enough to be satisfied with being left absolutely unnoticed. Those who supported his Irish measures are at least equally unmoved by the probability that Ireland will forget what she owes to the statesman who strove much and risked much to benefit Ireland after his fashion. But it is so difficult to calculate on what Irishmen will do, that no one can pronounce it impossible that the generosity of Irishmen may triumph over all smaller impulses, and that Mr. GLADSTONE may be received as the honoured guest of Ireland.

Even if this should be so, there can be no illusion. Not even the most inventive of English statesmen can invent anything new for Ireland. The Irish may, if they can but make up their minds to agree on it, get their public-houses closed on Sunday. They may have some alteration in their municipal arrangements. They may obtain an extension of the franchise which would demoralize their boroughs, so far as Irish boroughs are capable of being demoralized. But these are merely fleabites. What they now fancy they want, the degradation of the Imperial Parliament, education high and low in the hands of the priests, an ineffectual wrangling-shop of their own at Dublin, they cannot have. Neither Mr. GLADSTONE nor any one else could give them things which Englishmen believe to be so pernicious to Irish well-being. What Irishmen really need, and what through themselves and with the help of England it may be hoped they will gradually obtain, is material prosperity, and an abandonment of the bad habit of committing murder. The road to happiness for Irishmen lies through the humble avenue of rearing more cows, horses, and pigs, and giving up the unpleasant practice of shooting decent people from behind their backs. This is the first thing that Ireland needs; but it is by no means the only thing. It would be a very poor ideal to put before Ireland if it were invited to be a second Belgium. Material prosperity, with a provincial tone of thought, and a petty, pushing domination of peasant priests vexing the souls of families, would but be a poor sort of prospect for such men as the best of the Irish have proved themselves to be from generation to generation. England can offer to the more aspiring of Irishmen an outlet which will completely free them from absorption in homely wealth, from the isolation of a province, and from the slavery of an ecclesiastical clique. An empire administered by freemen is the noblest heri-

tage a great country can offer to one that is inferior to it. Individual Irishmen are constantly getting to the top of the tree in English administration. They are quick, honourable, bright, cheery and adroit, full of resource, capable always of enthusiasm, and sometimes of exact thought. But these happy specimens are exceptions. They are at once Irishmen and not Irishmen. They live apart from their nation. They do not penetrate the abysses of Irish provincialism. The Irish remain almost hopelessly provincial. They think that to obstruct business at Westminster is a fine thing, and they think this as honestly as a clown who grins through a horse-collar believes that he is the smartest fellow at a fair. One of the most subtle questions in political philosophy is how provincials are to be cured of provincialism. They are impervious to reason, literature, and the higher forms of ambition. It may be guessed that the first stage of elevation is for provincials to grow rich. When they are rich, they may, if they have the opportunity, learn the true view of wealth, which, valuing it as an instrument of acquiring education and manners, leaves it behind as a very small thing in comparison with the high duties of imperial government and a participation in the thoughts of the world. What England may hope to do for Ireland is, in the first place, to help to make Ireland rich, and, in the next place, to persuade Irishmen to take their proper part in the government of the greatest empire the world has seen since the days of the ANTONINES.

#### M. VICTOR HUGO ON THE COUP D'ÉTAT.

AT a time when the best part of the French nation and all the rest of Europe are agreed in disapproval of the unconstitutional policy of Marshal MACMAHON and his Ministers, M. VICTOR HUGO has, with characteristic maladroitness, taken occasion to furnish the reactionary party with the only excuse which patriotic Frenchmen could possibly admit. The peasantry, who for twenty years and for the last time in 1870 voted by large majorities for the Empire against the Republic, were actuated not by devotion to the BONAPARTE family, but by well-founded aversion to the Jacobinical Republic. Fortunately for the cause of the Opposition, they are not likely to read M. VICTOR HUGO's book, which would convince them that the members of the Extreme Left have learnt and forgotten nothing. In itself the work is of a trivial character, consisting chiefly of inflated anecdote and gossip; but it is picturesque, frequently epigrammatic, and almost as amusing as some of the duller chapters of *Les Misérables*. The book was composed immediately after the seizure of the government by LOUIS NAPOLEON, and it is now republished as a party pamphlet. In the words of the author, "Ce livre est plus qu'actuel; il est urgent. Je le publie." In a liberal translation, "This book is not merely of to-day; it is for to-day." The Republicans not unnaturally apprehend another attempt to use the army against the Assembly. M. VICTOR HUGO renders their cause a doubtful service by exposing the imbecility, the fanaticism, and the helplessness of the faction to which he belonged in 1851, as now. His story is largely occupied with the movements from one house in Paris to another of a little knot of ultra-Republican representatives, who assumed the name of the Assembly and the right of appointing a Government which called itself the Committee of Resistance. The people of Paris were, with few exceptions, deaf to their appeals; and even the police thought their meetings too insignificant to pursue or disturb them. M. VICTOR HUGO indeed, when at intervals he returned to his own home, always found that the police had been there a few minutes before, and that they were expected to return in an instant. On one occasion a body of soldiers entered a house which the Committee of Resistance had just left, and thrust their bayonets under the sofas and armchairs. It is not stated how the fugitives were enabled to verify the alleged outrage. The Conservative majority of the Assembly had been imprisoned at Mazas or Vincennes for many hours, while the zealots of the Extreme Left were allowed to amuse themselves by composing proclamations and similar documents which might, if they had any effect, reconcile orderly Frenchmen to the PRESIDENT'S usurpation.

If the Committee of Resistance and their associates for a time enjoyed a contemptuous impunity, it would be grossly unjust to suspect them of undue regard for their

personal safety. M. VICTOR HUGO himself, though he supposes himself to have been engaged in a mission of the highest importance, could not refrain from the childish rashness of denouncing the treason of the PRESIDENT to officers and soldiers on duty, who might have been expected to silence or arrest an opponent even if they abstained from more violent measures. An obscure deputy named BAUDIN acquired posthumous notoriety by dying on an untenable barricade which he had raised with the aid of a few followers. Many years afterwards a monument to his memory, devised for the purpose of annoying the EMPEROR, gave M. GAMBETTA the opportunity of commencing, with a bold forensic speech, his political career. Although M. HUGO never hesitated in his determination to oppose force by force, he was at one time profoundly impressed with the sagacious originality of a proposal made by EMILE DE GIRARDIN. "Let us make," said the veteran journalist, who long afterwards applauded the declaration of war against Germany, "let us make a vacuum round 'LOUIS BONAPARTE by taking no notice of him, his adherents, and his army, and by organizing a universal 'strike. The bakers shall not bake, the butchers shall not slaughter. The whole business of life shall be suspended till the usurpation is withdrawn.'" M. VICTOR HUGO himself, though he was penetrated with admiration for M. DE GIRARDIN's sublime absurdity, was for once practical enough to perceive that Paris and France were not likely to starve themselves to death by way of protest against illegal violence. The only result of the feeble attempts at resistance which were substituted for a chimerical display of universal sullenness was to furnish an excuse for the subsequent excesses of the troops which are recorded in Mr. KINGLAKE's brilliant but not dispassionate narrative.

It is an error to represent as additional grounds of moral blame the detailed arrangements of the most elaborate and perfectly executed conspiracy to be found recorded in history. When LOUIS NAPOLEON had determined to make himself Dictator, and afterwards Emperor, he violated numerous engagements and oaths of fidelity to the Constitution, and he openly defied the law. It was not an additional crime to arrest the generals and political leaders who might have thwarted his design. It was a compliment rather than an affront to CAVAIGNAC and LAMORICIERE, to CHANGARNIER and BEDEAU, and to THIERS, to send them to prison till the usurpation was irrevocably accomplished. M. VICTOR HUGO's memoir goes far to justify the disregard which was shown to his powers of interfering with the PRESIDENT's enterprise. When there had been a flagrant and ostentatious breach of law, it was the interest and duty of every patriot who pretended to the character of a politician to confine himself strictly within legal limits. The ultra-Republican representatives took occasion of their own authority to enact the restoration of universal suffrage, which had been limited by the deliberate act of the independent Assembly. It is also manifest that M. VICTOR HUGO and the extreme faction resented not the breach of law, but the suppression of the Republican form of government which Jacobins regard as anterior to legislation and to popular consent. In 1848 M. LOUIS BLANC and M. LEBRU ROLLIN urged the expediency of adjourning the election of an Assembly and the practice of representative government to some indefinite period when the people should prefer a Republic, and might perhaps retrospectively sanction the usurpation of a few Jacobinical demagogues. The ignoble revolution of 1848, and the assumption of supreme power by the Parisian populace in 1870, were as illegal as the usurpation of December 1851. The divine right of the BONAPARTES was neither more nor less respectable than the divine right of the mob; and indeed, notwithstanding his faults and his crimes, NAPOLEON I. was in all respects better than ROBESPIERRE. M. VICTOR HUGO constantly sneers at the majority of the Legislative Assembly, which, like the majority of the Constituent Assembly of 1848, was Conservative, and not averse to the restoration of monarchy. A selfish faction which respects no authority opposed to its own narrow dogmas is scarcely entitled to protest even against the measure of 1851.

Although Lord PALMERSTON's approval of the PRESIDENT's seizure of supreme power was open to just criticism, there was much force in the distinction which he drew between an historical Constitution like that of England and the artificial contrivance of MARRAST and of a few other political pedants. It is not surprising that M. VICTOR HUGO should designate the English statesman as "the traitor

"PALMERSTON"; but it could scarcely have been expected that even a dithyrambic French declaimer should enumerate among the iniquities of LOUIS NAPOLEON his neglect to avenge Waterloo on England. The hatred of modern Jacobins for this country is perhaps in some degree affected, or rather it is characteristic of the servile bigotry with which they cling to the traditions of 1793. Among the numerous proclamations composed by M. VICTOR HUGO, as President of the Committee of Resistance, is an address to the army, in which the soldiers are assured that it is their mission to liberate foreign nations, and to propagate the Revolution throughout Europe. The legend of the Republic is both more fictitious and more mischievous than the legend of the Empire which was rendered popular by BÉRANGER and THIERS. If it were necessary to choose between the Duke of BROGLIE and M. VICTOR HUGO, the great majority of Frenchmen, including the whole of the upper and middle classes, would declare against the eloquent champion of the irresponsible omnipotence of the rabble.

#### THE CONDITION OF AGRICULTURE.

THE publication of the Agricultural Returns this year has awakened an unprecedented interest. The appearance of those returns at a moment when the question of our food supplies has assumed unwonted importance does not wholly account for the depth and universality of that interest. It is rather that the figures tend to confirm an impression created by a variety of recent circumstances that British agriculture is not in a satisfactory state. It is hardly necessary to dwell on the vastness of the interests involved. The classes connected directly and indirectly with the land are indisputably the most important in the country. Their very numbers alone would make any matter adversely affecting them of the very highest national concern, while the social and political consequences of their serious and permanent depression would be incalculable. Throughout many centuries of English history the landowners have been the mainstay of our political system; and though the growth of newer social forces has greatly (perhaps beneficially) modified their influence, it still remains true that the decadence of this great class would both socially and politically be little less than a revolution. Quite apart from the question whether the weakening of the influence of the landowners is or is not desirable, the mere fact that it would profoundly affect the character of our government invests with peculiar interest any change threatening their prosperity. Scarcely less important is the condition of the tenant-farmers. Perhaps there is no class in the country so genuinely conservative as they. They can always be depended upon to resist mere change for the sake of change. Whoever else may succumb to an epidemic of revolutionary opinions, they at least are not given to fall in love with newfangled notions. How far their social and political conservatism would bear the test of prolonged adversity is another matter. Now there have been many symptoms of late of decreased prosperity among the farmers. For several years an active agitation has been going on in favour of tenant-right, and now we hear of holdings changing hands on an unprecedentedly large scale, of a general demand for reduction of rents, and of a very great number of farms lying wholly untenanted. It seems worth while to inquire whether the recent Agricultural Returns afford any support to the complaints so loudly made at farmers' meetings and in the organs of agricultural opinion.

The first point to be noted is that the aggregate acreage under cultivation of some sort is largely and steadily increasing. In the past twelve months the increase in Great Britain alone amounts to one hundred and sixty thousand acres; while since 1869 it is as much as one million three hundred and seventy-two thousand acres. In Ireland also there has been a considerable augmentation, though it is not possible to say exactly how much, owing to the fact that a change has just been made in the form of the Irish returns. Formerly all land which gave food to any cattle was returned as "grass," and thus barren mountain-sides were included because they supported a few cows or sheep. Now, however, the barren mountain has a separate heading to itself. From this cause there is an apparent large decrease in the last year in pasturage. When, however, we have made the necessary corrections, the



increase since 1869 appears to exceed two hundred thousand acres. Thus the total new acreage brought under cultivation within the last eight years would seem to exceed a million and a half acres. This fact seems at first sight incompatible with diminished agricultural prosperity; but it is really much less conclusive than it appears. We have just seen, in the case of Ireland, that nearly three hundred thousand acres of barren mountain were classed as pasturage until the present year. Can we be sure that similar and equally gross errors do not remain to be corrected? The collection of the English statistics is of much later date than the Irish, and they are even less trustworthy. The occupiers, it is true, are less reluctant than formerly to give the information required; but even this year more than two million acres are returned by estimate. The collectors employed are, no doubt, competent persons; but their estimates cannot be accepted as equivalent to occupiers' returns. Again, we are told that land prepared for turnips, but not actually sown, has been returned as fallow, instead of under the head of turnips. In short, the returns are little more than mere approximations to the truth. But they have unquestionably been greatly improved within the past eight years; and the improvement, of course, appears in the acreage. Thus the reported increase in the cultivated area is, to a large and indefinite extent, due rather to the more careful collection of the statistics than to the actual reclamation of waste land. Another matter to be borne in mind is that within the eight years in question the population of the United Kingdom has increased nearly three millions; and its wealth has grown yet more rapidly. It is since 1869 that that great rise in wages has taken place which has enabled the working classes to increase their consumption of bread and meat so enormously. Such an immense development of the consuming power of the country necessarily led to an increase of the cultivated area; but it is very evident from the rise of prices that the increase is not in proportion to the enhanced demand.

Contemporaneously with the reclamation of waste land of which we have spoken there has been going on an active conversion of arable into pasture. A few of the collectors of the statistics remark that in the present year this process has received a check, owing to the large importations of American meat; but the majority speak of it as still continuing. The process is most marked in the diminution of the area under corn. Taking the whole United Kingdom, the diminution during the last eight years has amounted to nearly nine hundred thousand acres, or eight per cent. As is natural, the decrease is most considerable and of longest continuance in wheat. Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and a great part of the West of England are but ill adapted for the growth of that grain, in consequence of the excess of rain and the deficiency of sunshine. It was inevitable, therefore, that Free-trade should cause a very considerable discontinuance of wheat cultivation in these districts. Viewed by the light of passing events the change may appear to be not unattended by danger. It is to be observed, however, that we are not dependent for our supplies of grain upon any one country; that the immensity of our demand stimulates the cultivation of wheat for our market in the most distant countries; and that it is in the highest degree unlikely that all these should be closed against us simultaneously. Should we be reduced to the necessity, however, we have abundance of land to plough up. In the meantime we obtain our wheat and other corn more cheaply than we could grow them ourselves, and we have our land available for other purposes. The decreased acreage under corn does not, therefore, appear to us to afford evidence of any real decrease of prosperity.

It is otherwise, however, with the active and long-continued conversion of tillage into pasturage, which betokens a backward and wasteful husbandry. The explanation offered is the dearth of labour and the high price of meat and butter. The dearth of labour, however, does not disqualify our manufacturers from holding their own against foreign competition, nor need it affect our farmers any more, if they were as energetic in availing themselves of labour-saving machinery, and, above all, if they knew how to secure efficiency of work. Mr. MECHI does not find the dearth of labour hamper his operations. As for the high price of meat, it ought to stimulate, not to check cultivation; for it is notorious that an acre in tillage will supply much more food to cattle than an acre in grass. The proof of this is

that, while the area under grass is increasing, our stock of horned cattle and sheep has decreased very considerably during the past two years. The scarcity of hay, it is replied, is the cause, as it compelled farmers to sell off much of their young stock. But what kind of farming is that which cannot keep the full stock of sheep and cattle alive when the hay crop happens to be deficient? Evidently our agriculture, though it has made great and undoubted progress, has not yet quite passed the pre-scientific age. Frightened by the demand of the labourers for better wages, our farmers try to dispense altogether with labour by throwing their lands into grass, and fail to see that by so doing they render themselves dependent on the fickle elements. The proper course would be to adopt piecework universally, and to depend upon stall-feeding for fattening. To this our farmers must come in the end. Hitherto they have not encountered serious foreign competition in the cattle trade, and consequently they have continued to follow traditional methods. The importation of American meat will prove of infinite service to them if it awakens them to the conviction that a system of farming is ruinous which meets a rapidly increasing demand for food with a decreasing supply both of corn and of meat.

#### INTRUSIVE PEOPLE.

AMONG the smaller vices of our age and stage of civilization must be reckoned intrusiveness. By the intruder we mean the person who shows no respect for the privacy of others, who pushes his society on others whether it be agreeable to them or not, and whose notion of a civilized community seems to be that everybody should live on terms of "happy family" freedom with everybody else. There are two well-marked stages in this habit of intruding on others. The first and less obnoxious one is illustrated by those who are continually encroaching, so to speak, on the private domains of their acquaintances. Such people think that, if they are but once introduced to a person, they may push the acquaintance to any degree of familiarity. They show the same disposition in their dealings with more intimate friends. They have no respect for times or circumstances, but expect you to entertain them and to listen to them whenever they happen to meet you or drop in on you. A second and worse stage of intrusiveness is reached when a man ventures to force his society on any stranger whom he may chance to encounter. Here all the characteristic features of the intruder display themselves in their full intensity. His want of respect for others' privacy, his easy-going way of looking at social relations, are here seen to advantage. Accordingly it is in this form that we may best study this peculiar propensity.

The particular manifestation of intrusiveness here spoken of does not need much illustration. It is too familiar a phenomenon in contemporary life to have escaped the attention of any observant person. People who travel much are well aware that they are constantly liable to invasions on their privacy by intrusive persons. The intrusive man lies in wait in the railway compartment and on the steamboat. He keeps a look-out for chance comers, and is ever ready to take possession, so to speak, of anybody who does not care to oppose the appropriation. He is by no means confined to the more frequented haunts of tourists, though these form the proper habitat of this active and aggressive creature. Even when we fondly imagine that we have discovered some quiet nook for a short summer holiday, we not improbably find ourselves confronted with a specimen of this dreaded class of intruders. It may perhaps be a relation of some local family, who is bored by the dullness of the place and is vacantly wandering about ready to pounce on the first stranger who promises him a temporary relief from his ennui. The most certain resort of the unscrupulous intruder is the tourists' hotel. Here he engages you in talk at the table-d'hôte or in the smoking-room, proposes a stroll in such a way that you hardly know how to refuse, and thus gradually entangles you in the threads of a quasi-acquaintanceship, till you heartily wish yourself miles away from the reach of his attentions. In this way sensitive people are subjected to a system of petty persecution against which they hardly know how they are to defend themselves. The more good-natured and kindly they are the more are they exposed to these insidious attacks; and the only person who can feel himself perfectly safe from them is one who is a thorough master of the difficult art of snubbing, and who does not scruple to make the freest use of his skill.

This obnoxious class of people is distinguished by certain common traits. Of these the most obvious are an excessive amount of self-consciousness and a proportionately small quantity of consideration for others. A person quick to perceive the feelings of others and concerned to promote their comfort is little likely to play the part of an intruder. The man given to intruding on the privacy of others is pretty certain to have an exalted opinion of his own importance, to be absorbed in his own personal concerns, and to be slow to understand that there are other people in the world with their own separate feelings and interests. Yet, while there are these features common to all members of the class, it includes well-marked varieties which differ in some important characteristics. The intruder is always more or less of a bore; but he may

be either a sufferable discomfort or an insufferable nuisance. In some cases we are ready to put up with him, and even to be amused at his ways; in others we feel a much stronger degree of repugnance. The least unpleasant variety of intruder is perhaps that which is constituted by a certain thickness of skin, together with an unusual flow of animal spirits. We easily forgive a man of this sort who, rather by instinct than by conscious intention, obtrudes his companionship on us. More especially is the offence regarded as a venial one when the offender is young. One occasionally meets such exuberant youth in the picturesque parts of Germany. Perhaps it is a rollicking student fresh from Heidelberg or Göttingen, who is full of the adventures and doings of his new and somewhat turbulent life, and who naïvely takes for granted that his stories and his jokes must be as exciting to his chance companion as to himself. He proves to be quite impervious to your ridicule, meets your forbidding aspect with new outbursts of good humour, till you feel it is vain to seek to quell a person of such obtuse sensibilities, and are rather inclined to laugh at his imperturbable self-complacency.

A more fatiguing kind of intruder is the sentimental or subjective variety. Although our age is not specially productive of the languishing and romantic type of young man, one may occasionally encounter a specimen of this class who is ready uninvited to pour his superabundant emotion into any ear which happens to present itself. He seems to be roving from place to place in search of some kindred and sympathetic nature. He is a sort of modern minstrel, who wanders far and wide singing everywhere the same doleful lay. He begins, perhaps, by quoting from Heine or Alfred de Musset, and talks in measured cadences of the *Weltschmerz* which consumes the best hearts of the age. He enlarges on the mystery of the poet's nature with its irrepressible emotions and unutterable thoughts. Then, perhaps, he grows more personal, and confides to his chance listener some of the secrets of his own troubled existence. The worst feature in this oppressive form of intrusiveness is that it seems to appeal to our pity. We cannot bring ourselves to check these lachrymose approaches too harshly, and can only pray for the hour which is to liberate us from so difficult and painful a companionship. A third kind of intruder awakens a more decided feeling of antipathy. This is the man who may be said to depend on his fortuitous companions for his ideas and interests. He is a sort of parasitic growth which draws its sustenance from other and higher organisms. When alone he leads a vacuous life, feels no promptings of activity from within, and easily falls a prey to ennui. He clutches eagerly at the skirts, so to speak, of each new passer-by in the hope of being lifted for a while out of his emptiness. Such an intruder has nothing to offer us; he cannot even amuse us by his *naïveté* or his sentimentality. He is simply and insufferably dreary. He expects us to supply all topics of conversation, and to propose all agreeable activities. The only thing he can do is to profit by our brains. He is a sheer dead weight from which we try to be delivered.

There still remains the most obnoxious species of intruder. His distinguishing attribute is an immense belief in his own powers, a profound assurance of his irresistible attractions. He approaches you with the air of a man who has much to bestow and is generous enough to enrich you with his favours. He has a portly figure and a rubicund countenance. He talks readily and fluently, and interlards his conversation with numerous facetious observations. He is well up in all the lore of the neighbourhood, and knows exactly what you are to see and which is the best way of seeing it. His intense self-complacency leaves no room for the suspicion that he may be *de trop*. He acts on the supposition that all mankind besides himself are intellectually indigent, and that he is able to supply the possessions of which they are lacking. There is something in his sleek self-contentment and oily patronage which galls us. We feel insulted by the man's tacit assumption of superiority and his covert insinuation that we are unable to depend on ourselves. This embodiment of complacent impudence may be said to infest every resort of strangers. He is a characteristic feature of our modern life with its fashion of extended locomotion and miscellaneous intercourse.

This vice of intrusiveness appears to be an outgrowth of the conditions of an advanced social development. It could hardly exist in primitive societies. In these a man had his equals and familiars with whom he mixed freely. Beyond these were his chiefs whom he approached with a certain amount of awe. He never encountered strangers, except perhaps in war, and consequently he was not called on to observe a certain kind of behaviour towards these. Again, in the earlier stages of industrial society, before large towns arose and locomotion to nearer and more distant points became generally practised, the appearance of a stranger was a phenomenon which naturally excited a certain sentiment of awe. We may see this illustrated in the simple type of society described by Homer. Once more, in the more advanced industrial society of a later age, distinctions of class were too rigid to allow of a free intercourse with strangers, while extensive locomotion had not yet become common enough for people to need an art of courteous behaviour. In all these states of society there was clearly no room for the peculiar vice of intrusiveness here described. This appears to grow up in company with the correlative virtue of politeness to strangers in an age when social barriers become somewhat loosened, and when increasing locomotion brings people into frequent contact with others besides their familiar acquaintances. The circumstances of modern society throw people together in all manner of ways. It is obviously an advan-

tage that a man should be able to exchange a certain amount of affability with those whom he has occasionally to travel with, and even to live with. Society is benefited when the friction of these passing contacts in our daily life is made as agreeable and serviceable as possible. And the advance of general culture, by promoting more confidence, renders such freedom of intercourse possible. Yet the very terms of this advantage impose a certain measure of restraint on those who are to profit from it. The tacit convention seems to be that a man will be polite and affable towards others, provided they do not push the passing relation beyond a certain point. Accordingly, when the intruder gives himself the easy and familiar air of an intimate acquaintance, he is clearly offending against good manners and violating an honourable convention.

Of course intruders, like every other professional class, are in demand, or they would not abound. The great reason of the intruder's existence is the ignorance and helplessness of many who now move about in our large towns, and who even undertake considerable journeys. One frequently sees in London persons who seem utterly incapable of managing for themselves, and whose look of bewilderment and confusion serves as a standing invitation to the intruder. And one can hardly travel on the Continent in these days without falling in with some fellow-countryman who appears to have lost his way, and is only too thankful to the man who addresses him and offers him his companionship and guidance. Hence the ubiquitous self-appointed intruder described above finds an ample field for the exercise of his fascinating art. As long as there are people who thus welcome the eager overtures of the intruder there will be plenty of the class to be found. Meanwhile the existence of these persons must act as a deterrent to sensitive and refined men and women. They will feel compelled whenever they move abroad to arm themselves with a more decided tone of reserve and hauteur, as the only effectual weapon against impudent intrusiveness. In this way the advantage secured by growing moral culture will be partly lost. Affability will become impossible in the measure in which habits of intrusiveness abound. Possibly it is the presence of so many offensive specimens of this class of intruder among the travelling British public which serves to keep up the repellent air commonly attributed to us by foreigners. We are far from saying that the cold reserve of Englishmen is always justified; yet it has at least a partial excuse in the fact that they are so often liable to be molested and worried by the intrusiveness of vulgar and disagreeable persons.

#### HOLLAND.

IT is an often repeated topic of homily and satire that we neglect the things that lie nearest to us; and in the season of vacation tours it is not unfrequently used in the interest of English watering-places. It is hardly less applicable, however, to a part of the Continent which English people by hundreds rush hastily through on the way to Germany or Switzerland, and very few care to study. For the people of Holland are nearer to us in race, manners, and language than any other Continental nation, and accordingly Holland is the country about which English travellers know least. This is probably not so much due to the irony of fate as to the geographical position which tempts us to regard the Low Countries as merely a stage of transit towards the more exciting and picturesque scenes of central Europe. Whatever the cause may be, there is no doubt that we lose in the result. The frequent opportunities for a hasty glance prevent many of us from ever really seeing a most interesting country. At the Hague and Amsterdam there is a full and rapid stream of passing English sightseers, preyed upon by a tribe of so-called guides, who seem even more ubiquitous and rapacious than in other places. These, however, are in a manner cosmopolitan cities, the one made so by the Court, the other by commerce, and both by possessing a splendid and unique share of the heritage of art, whose gifts are for all mankind. When we come to a purely Dutch town like Leyden the aspect of things is different. It is evident that strangers are comparatively few, and that foreign travellers are a much less solid source of profit than the native custom attracted by the University. And yet Leyden is one of the most remarkable cities in Europe, and especially to an Englishman who has any taste for scholarship and University traditions. The University of Leyden is indeed comparatively modern, but its foundation is associated with one of the most critical events in the war which secured freedom for the Netherlands, at the time when England and the United Provinces stood almost alone for the liberties of Europe. No Englishman can afford to think with indifference of the siege of Leyden in 1574. By a piece of ironical fiction, to which there are plenty of parallels in our own history, the charter of the new University was made out in the name of King Philip. If it is still young, as Universities go, its youth has certainly been a vigorous one. Two years ago, the completion of its third century was celebrated with high solemnities, and we doubt whether there is any similar body which can show a more illustrious record for a corresponding period. The visitor who is admitted to the common room of the Senate is forcibly struck, as he looks round the walls covered with portraits of past professors in the University, with the frequency of names to which he needs no introduction. It is an historical gallery of the flower of scholarship, science, and even statesmanship, in the Netherlands, from Grotius and Scaliger down to Thorbecke. And Leyden shows no



sign in our own days of falling short of the standing it has earned. It is still a centre of living and independent learning, forming by habit and tradition as well as by place a link between England and Germany. Dutch professors and students must, in the nature of things, be more familiar with the work of the Germans than we are. But it would be quite a mistake to imagine that they acknowledge themselves their disciples. There is a much closer affinity with England on at least one point where Leyden is especially strong. Professor Cobet's name is more or less familiar to all classical scholars. If he owns any spiritual allegiance, it is not to Germany. He claims a direct descent from the school of Porson. English scholars may find in full force at Leyden the refined and tasteful elegance, the almost instinctive sense of the niceties of Attic or Roman speech of which many of us fancy that we have the monopoly. They will also find at Leyden and elsewhere, if they show that they can value it, a welcome that will make them more sensible of the kinship of the two nearest branches of the Low-Dutch family than any philological or ethnographical demonstration.

A very common illusion with English people on their first introduction to men, language, and things in Holland is to expect them to be High-German with a slight difference. This illusion, which on a superficial acquaintance is excusable enough, is easily shaken off by an Englishman as he improves his knowledge. To a German it is naturally much more difficult, and there are many Germans who never get rid of it at all. They persist in regarding the Dutch language as a patois, and are firmly persuaded that they know all about Holland far better than the Dutch themselves. Some truly astonishing anecdotes are current concerning the wisdom displayed by sundry German professors on this head. At a recent University festival at Tübingen there were delegates from many nations and countries, including the Netherlands. The dining-hall was intended to be hung with the flags of all nations. A Dutch delegate remarked to his neighbours that he did not see the flag of his own country among them. The German assured him it was there, and pointed to a nondescript blue banner with a red border, which might possibly have been furnished by some South American Consulate. "But that is not the Dutch flag." "I beg your pardon. You are quite mistaken. I know the Dutch flag perfectly well, and that is it." The German's omniscience yielded only to the authority of a colleague, who improved matters by an explanation of this kind:—"Yes, it is as he says. You see they adopted the French flag at the time of the Revolution, only they reversed it and made the stripes horizontal." But then, as the Dutch professor charitably remarked, the South-Germans are not a seafaring people. Another wise man of Tübingen was at a loss to know what manner of speech the Dutch used among themselves. It was of course out of the question that educated people should talk "platt-deutsch," so he supposed they must use French. The mere assertion of a Dutchman being wholly without weight on such a point, he was referred to his colleague the Professor of Modern Languages, who fortunately was able to inform him that a Dutch language and literature really existed. It is a sad instance of the infirmity and ingratitude of human nature that German professors are not altogether beloved in Holland.

We, at any rate, are in no danger of supposing Dutch to be a dialect of English. Nor are we likely to set up a claim to Friesland on the ground that the Frisian tongue is still understood of the people in certain parts of Durham. We are free to deal with our Dutch kinsmen on equal terms of friendship, and to exchange with mutual benefit whatever we may have to teach one another. It is only a pity that we do not yet know our neighbours nearly so well as they know us. There is no doubt that an Englishman who cares to study Dutch institutions even a little will find many interesting points for comparison, and some for imitation. In London we have been complaining for years, and complaining almost in vain, of bad and dear gas. In the Dutch cities it is so good that it can be freely used in living rooms without the slightest inconvenience. It is even superabundantly good; for at Leyden it was lately under serious consideration whether the quality might not be slightly reduced for the sake of increased cheapness. It was determined, however, to make no change, chiefly at the instance of certain manufacturing firms, who find the best possible gas well worth paying for. But at Leyden, and we believe elsewhere, the supply of gas is in the hands of the municipality, instead of being delivered over to private companies whose only interest is to extract the utmost profit from the consumer by supplying the poorest article at the highest rate which public discontent will allow. In matters of social and sanitary reform there may be seen in Holland, as with us, a great deal of work done by private and voluntary activity which in other countries is appropriated by the State. Holland possesses institutions of considerable standing, corresponding pretty nearly with our charitable and benevolent societies; and there is a modern association for the promotion of public health, which strives, by its inquiries and publications, to supplement the shortcomings of positive law. The public amusements of the Dutch conform rather to the German than to the English type; and in that respect few persons of taste will doubt that the Dutch are the gainers. Their example is a sufficient answer to the common English prejudice about open-air entertainments. It is constantly said that garden concerts and the like may be all very well for the South of Europe, but will not suit the English climate. Now it is impossible to maintain that the climate of Holland is more genial than that of England, and yet open-air concerts are nearly as common as in Germany. We are wonderfully behindhand in

England in all means of cheap and wholesome recreation, and it should shame us out of our apathy to see how much better these things are ordered, not only by Frenchmen, Italians, and Germans, but by our nearer neighbours and kinsfolk of the Netherlands.

In the higher regions of national life and politics, both in the past and in the present, there are many points of contact that should make Holland seem less strange to an Englishman than most foreign lands. At this very time the fall of a Ministry enables us to see how, under forms which in many respects are more French than English, constitutional government is settled in the Netherlands on a footing of sound understanding beyond the comprehension of the authors of the much more famous crisis which has disturbed a neighbouring country ever since the 16th of May. Pessimists in politics often hold out to us the prospect of becoming another Holland, and it would be a simple answer to them, which, however, it occurs to nobody to give, that, though the notion is not altogether agreeable, we might do a great deal worse. The glory of the United Provinces in the politics of Europe is now a thing of the past; but Holland is still the second civilized Power of the East, and rules over distant subjects hardly less numerous in proportion to the governing race than those of our own Indian Empire. We are all apt to be too much impressed by mere size and numbers in our estimate of cities and nations as well as of natural objects; but

It is not growing like a tree

In bulk doth make man better be;

and it is no great paradox, being indeed the literal assertion of a fact, to say that Holland and England are the two free and imperial States of Europe.

#### THE CORINTHIAN GULF.

CORINTH, we have said, with its mountain citadel, is truly the central point of Greece. But we do not thoroughly feel how the Isthmus parts asunder two different spheres of Greek life and history till we find ourselves on the gulf which takes its name from the city on the Isthmus. We can, if we will, make our way to Athens first of all by way of the gulf; but we shall perhaps better understand the position in Grecian history which is held by the shores of the gulf, if we take them at a later stage of our journey. It may, in short, be well to leave Greece by the Corinthian gulf, to make it our way back again to the western islands from whence we started. It is impossible to study Greece in strict chronological order, unless we could anyhow drop from the clouds on the akropolis of Mykéné. But by taking the Corinthian gulf and its shores late in our course, we shall be enabled to end our survey with those parts of Greece which, at least in the days of her old independence, were the last to come to the front. And by this course we shall perhaps better understand why those parts came to the front later than others.

Greece, the most eastern of the three great peninsulas of Europe, begins to play its part in the history of the world earlier than the peninsulas of Italy and Spain; and in the like sort, it is the eastern side of Greece which begins to play its part in the history of Greece earlier than the western side. Is it answered that the position of Athens, the most eastern part of the Greek continent, as a leading state in Greece, is of comparatively late date? As far as dominion goes, Mykéné, Argos, Sparta, all came to the front before her. But it was Athens which, in some unrecorded age, made the first advance in Greek and in European political life by that union which made one commonwealth—we might say, one city—of Athens and Eleusis, of Marathon and Sounion. Here was in truth the beginning of political history, the foundation of a state of such happy dimensions as to become the model of city-commonwealths for all time. And as for the cities which came before Athens in dominion, they too lie, if not so far east as Athens, yet on the eastern side of their own peninsula. All the earliest greatness, the earliest history, of Greece gathers round her Ægean, not round her western, shores. Her colonies go eastward and northward, covering all the eastern coast with an Hellenic fringe, while far distant Kymé was the single outpost in the west. Down at least to Macedonian times the eastern side of Greece keeps its predominance; the western side is important mainly as the road to a distinct Hellenic world in Italy and Sicily. Ever and anon this distinct western world influences the eastern Hellenic world, sometimes, as in the great Athenian overthrow before Syracuse, with terrible effect. But, on the whole, the western side of Greece, the side where Corinth was greater than either Sparta or Athens, remained secondary in Grecian affairs, while the Greek world still further to the west lived a life of its own, broken only by occasional dealings with the states of the older Hellenic land. Politically the older Greek world looks in the main eastward. It is only the great religious centres of the nation which in any sort cast their eyes towards the islands of the blessed. Dodóné lies to the west, in a land whose Hellenic character was called in question. So does Olympia within Peloponnesos itself, while Delphoi, if it does not look absolutely westward, if its connexion with Thermopylai binds it in some sort to the eastern side of Greece, still looks directly on that central gulf which forms the great highway to the western shores. At Corinth indeed the rule is reversed; the city of the two seas and the two havens looks far more to her western than to her eastern outlet; but her great Isthmian sanctuary looks to the Saronic and not to the Corinthian gulf. The names are well chosen. The western gulf was the true gulf of

Corinth. No other city of equal rank stood on its shore, while its waters formed the highway to the insular and quasi-insular dominion of Corinth on the western seas, to Leukas and Korkyra and long-lived Epidamnus, to Ambrakia, fated to be the capital of Pyrrhos, to mightier and more distant Syracuse, fated to be the capital of whole dynasties of tyrants and kings.

We at last then bid farewell to Athens and Attica; and, in bidding farewell to Athens and Attica, we bid farewell to something more. We pass from one Hellenic world to another. We once more cross the head of the Saronic gulf to Kalamaki; thence carriages bear us, it may be to New Corinth, it may be to Loutraki to the north of it, according to exigencies of which the landsman is a poor judge. In either case we are carried far more distinctly away from one geographical and historical region to another than when we simply cross from one side of the Saronic gulf to another. As we are borne over the Isthmian hills, we look to Peloponnesos on one side, to Northern Greece on the other; we look forward on the Corinthian gulf, and we are borne along to all that it suggests in the further West. On the East we have turned our backs; and we feel that we have done something more than turn our backs in the way which the physical necessities of travel compel us to do. We begin to understand that the northern, the southern, and the western view really make up a system in which the lands and seas which we leave behind us have no share. And when we once find ourselves on the waters of the Corinthian gulf, we begin to feel ourselves in another world from the world of the eastern Hellas, the world of Athens and Sparta. In both of the great divisions of the inland sea, within and without the straits, in the gulf of Krissa and in the gulf of Patrai, we feel that we have left the Greece of Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon behind us. We are in a world which their history touches only by fits and starts; we have sailed into the Greece of Polybios. We have made our way from the world of city commonwealths into the world of federations; as we pass along, the lands of the two great Leagues lie on either side of us. Through nearly the whole of our journey we skirt the Achaian shore to the south, and what, in later times at least, became the Aitolian shore to the north of us. Lesser Leagues, Boiotia—for in those later times Boiotia must count among lesser Leagues—Phokis, and Lokris, fill up whatever space Aitolia left unannexed. And, when we have cleared the gulf and are fairly in the western sea, we draw near to another federal land on the shores of Akarnania. We may even cast, if not our eyes, at least our thoughts, to the great northern mainland which in those days had become both Hellenic and federal as the Confederation of Epeiros. Here then is a world where we go by many spots which call up both earlier and later associations, but where the main interest as distinctly belongs to the second and third centuries before our æra as the main interest of the lands washed by the Ægean belongs to the fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries before our æra.

We should be the last to shut out either the earlier or the later associations. We do not forget that Aitolia, poor in early history, is rich in yet earlier legend, or that it reached the height of its legendary fame when the divine Epeians gave way to the Aitolian colony which was to grow into the Eleian guardians of Olympia, the special servants of Zeus. As we skirt the inner bay of Krissa, we may think of all the sacred wars from Solon to Aischinês. Naupaktos has its place alike in legend and in history; in the waters of the outer gulf we remember alike Phormion of Athens and Don John of Austria. As we pass by Patras, we remember how well St. Andrew fought for his city against Slave and Saracen. As we look on the southern shore, we remember that there were once Frank Princes of Achaia no less than Frank Dukes of Athens. As we look to the northern shore, we remember that there was a day when the Empire of Servia stretched, without a break, from the Danube to the Corinthian gulf. And, beyond all this, as we skirt the northern shore of the outer gulf, we pass by a spot whose fame in later times outshines every other association from Meleagros to Don John. We pass by Mesolongi, the city of the two immortal sieges, of the long defence where the Fanariot Mavrokordatos, alone among his class, placed his name alongside of the men of Souli and the men of Hydra—of the night of the great sally which places the name of Mesolongi alongside of Ithomê and Eira, of Saguntum, of Numantia, and of Zaragoza. All these memories go to make up the history of the shores along which we pass; still they lie outside its main and special interest. They come either before or after the days when the two shores of the gulf formed the main centre of Hellenic history. The Achaian cities line the shore, and, with our usual protest against vain attempts to call back a past which is gone for ever, for a moment we hardly regret that Slavonic Vostizza has again become Hellenic Aigion. But before we reach the older Achaian shore, we pass by the territory of the city but for whose help those Achaian cities, whose place in earlier history is so small, could never have risen to become one of the two leading powers of Greece. There is the land of Sikyon, city of Aratos, deliverer and betrayer of Corinth to the right—the man who taught the cities to the left the art of Themistoklês, the art which teaches how a small state may become a great one. And we see plainly written on the two shores, why, in the warfare of those times, the League of the North was commonly the aggressor, the League of the South was commonly the victim. Save here and there some more favoured spot, the shore of Aitolia seems bare beyond the common bareness of Grecian hills; the shore of Achaia seems rich with a richness the like of which we have hardly seen on any other part of the Hellenic mainland. The narrow strait,

the strait by which Phormion won his glory, brings into that close neighbourhood which is so characteristic of Greek geography—a neighbourhood as near as that of Eubœia to Boiotia at one point and to Northern Achaia at another—two races as unlike one another as any could be who worshipped the same ancestral gods and spoke dialects of the same ancestral tongue. The development and the rivalry of those two powers give us our second lesson in Grecian history, the lesson of the days when, if the scale of men is smaller, the scale of things is larger, when cities have grown into federations, when the range of Grecian politics is no longer shut up within the Grecian seas, but when Macedonia and Pergamos, Syria and Egypt, Carthage and Rome herself, have begun to appear as actors on the scene. The seas of Eastern Greece belong to the days of her more brilliant yet narrower fame, when Greece was her own world, when the teachings of her history are mainly teachings of example and analogy. The seas of Central and Western Greece belong to the days when Greece, less free it may be, less brilliant, less rich in great deeds and mighty men, had become part of a greater world, and when her destinies had become connected with the destinies of later days by a direct chain of cause and effect. The historical position of the Corinthian gulf is that it is, above all the waters of Hellas, the sea which washes the shores of the Federal lands.

As we get clear of the gulf, by the mouth of Achelôos, the White River of later nomenclature, we are again among the Western islands, though we now see them from wholly different points, and in wholly different relations to one another from those in which we saw them as we first made our way from Corfu round Peloponnesos. Our course is somewhat erratic; but it enables us to see a coast which has a character of its own and a history of its own. We skirt the shore of Akarnania. Here is a land which has no place in the Homeric Catalogue—a land therefore which has no place in the Hellas of those days, so far as we have any right in these days to make use of the name of Hellas at all. It was then the *Epeiros*, the nameless mainland, the non-Hellenic shore, as opposed to the Hellenic islands, the realms of Megês and of Odysseus. In the Federal age we find it a Federal commonwealth, weak besides its robber neighbours of Aitolia, but holding the first place in Greece for what Livy calls the "fides insita genti," the people who never broke their faith to either friend or enemy. Yet they had enough of worldly wisdom to plead their absence from the Catalogue as a merit in Roman eyes. Aitolians, Achaians, all the rest, had a share in the overthrow of the mother city of Rome; Akarnania was guiltless. Here is a special history, and the coast has a special character. It is, like other Grecian coasts, a coast of bays and islands and peninsulas; but nowhere else have we seen such a crowd of small islands, mere spots of rock some of them, among which we thread our way, reminding us less of anything that we have seen in Greece than of the northern and more desolate part of the Dalmatian archipelago. There are the Echinades, the Oxeiai, the sharp islands, the urchin islands of later times; but can these dots be Doulichion and the holy Echinai, islands which sent forty ships to the war of Ilios? We pass in and out among them, steering northward between Leukas and the mainland, with the Epeiroi mountains in the distant view; but we ourselves do not even reach the channel—after so many changes it is a channel—which divides Leukas or Santa Maura from the mainland. We turn; above the smaller islands rises Ithakê; above Ithakê rises Kephallênia. We enter the haven, as we would believe, of the realm of Odysseus, but not without feeling a difficulty how an island which clearly lies to the north-east can be said to lie *πρὸς ζῶπον*. We pass in and in, hardly dreaming beforehand of the windings of the deep bay which so truly bears the name of Bathy. Scepticism vanishes for a time, and we cannot keep ourselves from greeting the men of Ithakê as countrymen of the elder Odysseus.

But there is still one spot of the mainland to be seen. Before we leave the Hellenic islands, we have still to make another, a more momentary, incursion on the Peloponnesian mainland. We have seen the sites of Isthmian and Nemeian games; we have still to take a glimpse of the scene of the great festival of Zeus himself. We have passed by the Aitolian shore; we must visit the great Aitolian colony. Our next and last record of Hellenic travel must draw its inspiration from the spot where

... κραιῶν ἐφετμὰς  
Ἡρακλῆος προτέρης,  
ἀτρικῆς Ἑλλανοδικίας γλεφάρων  
Διῶλδος ἀνὴρ ἐψόθεν  
ἀμφὶ κόμισσι βάλαι γλαν-  
κόχρῳ κόσμον ἔλαιας.

It is hard to conceive the rude Aitolian discharging such a duty. We may be inclined to fall back on the doctrine of oppressed nationalities, to say,

ἦτοι Πίσρα μὲν Διός,

but to deny all place as his ministers to strangers from the northern shore of the gulf. What if we make our way to Olympia, under the belief that the Olympiad of B.C. 364, held by genuine Pisatans under the protection of Arkadian spears, was the only lawful celebration of the festival within historic times?



## WAR-PAINT.

THIS is the time of year when the Briton, laying aside the sober garments of business or fashion, bedecks himself in his war-paint, and goes forth to seek excitement and adventure. He appears to consider metamorphosis of attire even more important than change of air. So much so that he not only throws off his wonted garb of peace and girds up his loins for the mimic warfare, but also varies his costume according to the bird, beast, or fish which he proposes to attack. The best part of his time is now devoted to killing and maiming, and he assumes a different set of garments for almost every variety and species, as if his weak memory required some vivid reminder during the day of the kind of creature which he had determined in the morning to destroy. And thus we shall find our fellow-countrymen for some time to come, as an Irishman once remarked, "each more wonderfully dressed than the other." It will be fortunate if the bulk of them don war-paints calculated to draw forth the admiration of the multitude, instead of only succeeding, as is too often the case, in tarring and feathering themselves for the derision of all beholders. The boundary between the sublime and the ridiculous is often a narrow one, and so also is that between the war-paint of the brave and the tar and feathers of the victim of Lynch law. But, despite these dangers, to many a weary denizen of the smoky city, whose only experiences of the country for many past months have been confined to the dusty roads in the neighbourhood of his suburban villa, or a dinner at Greenwich or Richmond, immense delight is afforded by the first plunge into the knickerbockers in which he hopes to prove so fatal to winged fowl, hares, conies, and fishes. When he has exchanged his more attenuated pantaloons for these looser garments, he feels like a dog which has just been relieved of its muzzle, and he fancies that no amount of fatigue could possibly weary him. It is a pity that he cannot put on a pair of shooting-legs together with his shooting-breeks, as he finds to his cost after a day in the heather; and if the buttoning of the morning savoured of the lion, the unbuttoning of the afternoon is somewhat lamblike. But little trifles of this description detract but slightly from his pleasure in wearing what he calls "a rational costume." Now we have come with pain to the conclusion that this term "rational costume" is a snare of evil origin. What guys many people make of themselves on the plea of dressing rationally! Experience has taught us that the phrase "When I am in the country I wear a rational costume," predicates of the wearer a hybrid and eccentric attire, as unbecoming as it is ridiculous. "The country" in the British Isles is not a desert waste, and the usages of society require that costumes for sport and rural life should be, in their own way, as much conformed to conventional rules as those for Piccadilly.

Among the many pictures which we gaze at annually are certain gorgeous productions of which we are unwilling spectators. These tableaux adorn the walls of our tailors' shops. They generally represent the Doric porches of imaginary country houses, and the habits of the English people are graphically suggested by the dresses of the parties there assembled. Here is war-paint with a vengeance. In the foreground is a man in a red coat, while a lady in a riding-habit rests her arm on his. On the one side stands a smirking creature got up for shooting, and on the other a gentleman dressed for fishing holds a rod about the size of a small driving-whip. An exquisite in full evening dress leans negligently against a pillar (proving the clemency of our climate during the hunting season); an officer of a Scotch regiment, in full uniform, seems prepared, like the "Highland Laddie" of poetry, to go at a moment's notice and "fight the French for King George upon the throne"; and, as if to relieve the austerity of this queer group, two men dressed respectively in the peaceful garments of Rotten Row and Court dress, sit complacently on garden chairs. Such is life! These pictures are so much beyond criticism that we will at once pass on to notice the enormities which are so frequently exhibited by our fellow-citizens in the matter of war-paint, whose origin we may trace to two chief evils—adaptations and intermarriages of what certain Americans call "garmenture." Who shall depict the horrors of trousers converted into knickerbockers or breeches, or of the unhappy union between a hunting and a shooting costume? The heart shudders at the bare recollection of the hybrid apparels which have been observed at the meets of, say, Her Majesty's staghounds. We once had the misfortune to behold a gentleman of ancient lineage and large property shooting in an old pair of evening trousers, and we have seen one who ought to have known better hunting in a black frock-coat, without even appearing ashamed of himself. We have also met with appalling combinations when the British yeoman has joined his regiment in the county town. We have known him to make his first appearance in full regimentals, surmounted by a light brown overcoat, and supporting on the pommel of his saddle a gorgeous carpet-bag. When swaggering about the town his garments were usually civilian above and military below his waist, or *vice versa*; and, if entirely arrayed in uniform, he not unfrequently carried an umbrella. We must, however, be understood to refer to bygone days, as the discipline of yeomanry regiments is at present wonderfully well maintained.

Next to the failure of adaptations and mongrel raiment, may be classed that of the assumption by the warriors of one country of the war-paint of another. Fortunately Tyrolese hats have long since gone out of fashion; but a City merchant in the chapeau of a chamois-hunter used to look like a sheep in wolf's

clothing. We shall never forget seeing an Italian acquaintance, who had once paid a visit to Scotland, disporting himself in the streets of Florence in a large Glengarry bonnet. But a love of borrowed plumes is instinctive to the human race, as is proved by the savage who arrayed his nude person in the black garments, white tie, and spectacles of the missionary whom he had just eaten. We might easily point to the funny imitations of Anglican sporting costumes which may be seen on the Continent; but even at home many curious specimens are to be met with. The most wonderful and amazing exhibition in the way of war-paint is the shooting lady, who, though a *rara avis*, does certainly exist in these Northern islands. The squaw bedecked in the war-paint of her husband, or of him whom she would fain make her husband, is not an edifying sight; nor do ladies look their best in garments which, as a gamekeeper once observed, "are unbecoming to a female woman." But it is not only in shooting raiment that members of what is sometimes ironically called "the fair sex" adopt the war-paint of the opposite gender. Patent leather jackboots, and articles which the tailors of fifty years ago used to enter in their bills as "small clothes," are now honoured by female patronage. A lady's hunter once threw its rider, when the fallen heroine was said by the bystanders to resemble a Cochin hen more than any other natural object. But in war-paint for the chase men exhibit much more eccentricity than women. In fact, so quiet is the hunting costume of the latter, that an unbiassed observer of the human species, who only had the opportunity of judging of it in the hunting-field, would probably be left with the impression that the males were the gaudiest of creatures, whilst the females were the most sombre. In fox-hunting we become more bespattered with mud than in any other occupation; we therefore naturally select for that pursuit garments of light scarlet and snowy white. In this amusement our head-dress is constantly exposed to rough usage by branches of trees and the brambles of fences; therefore our chosen helmet is a glossy silk hat. In one hunt the delicacy of costume is brought to a nervous pitch of perfection, pale yellow being the colour of the coats worn by the master, huntsman, whips, and second horsemen. The appropriateness of this delicate hue is observed to the best advantage when its wearers emerge from the boggy ditches with which that country abounds. Mr. Ruskin himself might then go into raptures over the manner in which nature itself tempers and subdues the superabundance of raw colour. As the green ivy mellow and adds grace to the ruined gable, so does the green weed stain and soften the ruined yellow coat.

We remarked just now that Englishmen wear a different garment for almost every creature whose destruction they design; but in hunting not only is this the case, but they also vary their dress according to the divers manners in which they propose to attack the same animal. Thus for cub-hunting they wear one dress, for regular hunting another; when out with a strange pack of hounds they often change their red coats for black ones, and when they don't feel inclined to ride hard they make some further change. Thus the divine must go "a-foxing" in a coat of obfusk hue, though his breeches may be as snowy as his surplice; and the farmer also must abstain from scarlet, although it is permitted to the merchant. On the whole, in the matter of dress and ceremony, there are far fewer technicalities to be observed in the execution of a man than in that of a fox. The gay colours of the hunter, however, pale before those of the cricketer. For some unexplained reason, even divines are allowed to wear the brightest hues when enjoying this amusement. Their glories fairly out-Solomon Solomon. They are far beyond comparison with Indian braves; indeed they should rather be likened to the thunderbolts of Jupiter. The very recollection of their effulgence so dazzles us that, for very relief, we call to mind the vision of some very different beings clad also in their war-paint—we refer to the maiden ladies of "the usual age," who are always to be met with on the Continent in the holiday season, travelling in search of adventure. Sad-coloured gowns, dust cloaks of a bilious drab, hats and blue veils—such is the armour in which the spinster of history sallies forth towards foreign lands; whose adorning let no one despise, even though they may not admire it. The poor old maidens do not get a great deal of pleasure in the course of the year; let us not therefore begrudge them their annual expedition, although they may bedeck themselves in war-paint more curious than beautiful. As regards the travelling dress of the opposite sex, what saith the immortal handbook? "Provide yourself with a pair of shooting boots, with cloth or leather tops." "It is advisable to travel in woollen trousers, not in linen." "Spectacles are almost indispensable in railway travelling," &c. But in our own fatherland at this season of the year we may meet with beings clad in little more becoming raiment. We lately encountered a large party of travel-stained men in a secluded valley in Wales, whom at first sight we imagined to be either Cook's tourists or the ministers of some heterodox religion. On making inquiry we were informed that they were British Archaeologists who had for some days been infesting the neighbourhood, eating luncheon by day and reading papers by night. Although the costume of these worthies was somewhat various, their "common factors" appeared to be soft wide-awakes, spectacles, and last year's Sunday clothes. The antiquarian, artistic, or scientific man is an object of wonder when painted for battle. According to his bent, he dons knapsacks, jappanned tin boxes, or other "engines." We well remember the get-up of our own German tutor when prepared for a day out of the schoolroom. A large green tin botanical case hung at his back, and a belt round his waist sup-

ported a leathern abdominal arrangement filled with geological instruments; his pockets were stuffed out with empty pill-boxes, the future donjons of entomological specimens; in one hand he carried a butterfly-net and in the other a formidable spud. If his appearance caused the English natives to stare a little, can one be surprised?

The exact nature of our individual war-paints may vary considerably; but we each and all experience an instinctive gratification in assuming them. This feeling probably proceeds chiefly from the associations with which they are connected; and if the red coats, knickerbockers, japanned cases, or even the blue veils of the spinsters, are connected in the minds of their wearers with happy times, by all means let their use be encouraged. However much anybody may profess to despise dress, and especially that form of it which fashion may approve, it is generally to be observed that he has a tender point on some question connected with his own favourite war-paint, on which he is as particular and fastidious as the most exquisite of fops.

#### PROFESSOR COLVIN AND ANTI-RESTORATION.

WE are almost driven to suppose that the writers who are so very clamorously raising the cry of anti-restoration imagine that the question is a simple one of pure volition, capable of settlement by a sort of æsthetic plebiscite, as a man might determine by a single act of absolute will whether he would have roast or boiled for his dinner. To these gentlemen, knowing as we do how much they value the reputation of being before all things philosophers and artists, we owe a very sincere apology for venturing to intrude some practical and material considerations into the controversy. We have to point out that the process called restoration, whether of old buildings in general, or in particular of churches—to which Professor Colvin in an article in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century* limits the discussion—is in its origin neither the artistic craze of taste-mongers nor the sagacious dodge of professionals on the look-out for lucrative jobs. It is the physical result of a fact not only beyond human power to control, but one which must, unless counteracted, gain force with accumulating years—namely, that we are an old nation with a young soul, freshening perceptions, and growing wants, while we possess on one side an increasing population overflowing with energy both as to the seen and the unseen world, and on the other side a store of old buildings in which room has to be found for the new life of the people both in its spiritual and in its secular relations. America may be not less go-ahead than England, but the old buildings are not to be found there. Turkey, on the other hand, has the old buildings in plenty, but the life is absent; so neither in America nor in Turkey can the souls of the Anti-Restoration Society be vexed by the forbidden process. But this is not our whole case. It is understating facts to say that the antique buildings themselves keep stationary while the people increase. They have a habit, equally beyond the power of men and of societies to regulate, of wearing out, of becoming ruinous and unsafe, sometimes all over, and sometimes in portions, so as to call for the actual rebuilding of essential parts in order to save the whole from a general collapse. When the wall bulges, or the plaster ceiling cracks and hangs in rags from the half-exposed old roof, or dry-rot has reduced the massive beams to loosely adhering powder, so that merely to get at the diseased member large portions of the sound residue must be cleared away, we find ourselves well at the end of abstract theories and brilliant articles. Unless the doom of the structure be perpetual desolation, the day will have come for reconstructing those fittings which have suffered by inevitable removal. The replaced fittings will of necessity be largely composed of new material; that is—by the postulates of Professor Colvin and his party—in whatever style they may be worked out, whether of Edward III. or George III., of Queen Elizabeth or Queen Anne, they will be imitations and shams, and not the absolute old things which they mendaciously represent themselves to be. Will it be reasonably contended that in such cases—and these cases cover a large percentage of the restorations, so called, of late years—these inevitable shams must reproduce the precise forms to which chance, churchwardens, ignorance, puritans, squires, stinginess, pride, bricklayers, carpenters, whitewashers, village bands, and bell-ringers had reduced the church at that precise year of Her Majesty when the old building was discovered to be worn out and ready to fall? Short of this position, the new doctrine has no firm standing ground; for a middle term can hardly be reached between renewing the work with the intention of reproducing it just as it was before the reparation, and making the whole more congruous with the structure itself or with its own superior elements.

We fully concede that we stand at a disadvantage with controversialists who merely look upon old churches as fine things or curious things, and who treat their use for worship as a purely accidental concomitant, if not a regrettable impediment to their proper treatment. We simply say that we do respect their practical employment; and, when we say this, we dispose of the defence which may be set up for absolute syncope and decay. Common sense says that a worm-eaten board covered by a moth-eaten cloth is no fit presentment of a communion table; that a lectern is a more seemly place from which to read the Bible than a ramshackle jumble of old planks; that it is more natural for persons who believe that they are joining in common worship to turn together towards some centre of devotion than to loiter in all direc-

tions with toes and heels entangled inside of a pew which was once meanly luxurious and is now squalidly disgusting; and that, if Protestantism forbids incense, Protestantism ought equally to ban the rank odours of mildew. If we go a step further, and by an impartial study of history discover that the worship to which these churches are now given was, by the men from whom we immediately derive it, adapted with simplification, but with no absolute breach of continuity, from that for which those churches had been actually built, common sense further tells us that when anything material has to be renewed, the new article will be most aptly provided in a corresponding spirit, so as best to reconcile the claims of archaeology with those of present use.

There is no doubt that in the earlier days of restoration wild work was (as Professor Colvin points out) often made with floors and monuments, that scraping was cruel and unremitting, and that the real artistic value often attaching to sixteenth and seventeenth-century work was, as a rule, depreciated. But why was this? We have no hesitation in saying that the reason was that there was too little rather than too much restoration abroad. We use "restoration" in the technical sense—namely, as that peculiar process to which neither the constructive middle ages nor the destructive Renaissance ever thought of subjecting their churches. Every successive one of those epochs, if it had had its full will, would have made a clean sweep of its predecessor's work, and left its own universal brand upon all and every building. Luckily each age broke down in the attempt, and the result is the infinite and picturesque variety of mediæval structures spread over the land. Our earlier restorers, because they were imperfectly instructed and timidly rash beginners, drifted into the position of the destructionists of the thirteenth or fourteenth century. Now that restoration, thanks to Archaeological and Ecclesiological Societies, and to such men as Sir Gilbert Scott and his able coupees, has been shaped into a science, these mistakes are every day becoming rarer, and ought no more to be cast in the teeth of erudite restoration than the science of dentistry ought to bear the blame of the jaws broken by the "key" with which the wandering Dulcamaras were wont to torture our fathers and grandfathers. The threatened Wrenian churches of London have had no stouter defenders than men who glory in being Gothicians, ecclesiologists, and restorers. Within our own knowledge, a prominent ecclesiologist who happened asquire to have influence in two adjacent parishes in a remote part of England employed it to keep, in one, a square communion table of Puritan antecedents, and in another a canopied pew curiously carved and painted in the style of Charles II., with an archaeological interest enhanced by literary associations. If Sir Gilbert Scott had, as was asserted, destroyed Bacon's veritable pew in St. Michael's at St. Albans, we should not have hesitated to say that he had made a mistake, although his action would have been identical with that to which we owe the existence of St. Albans Abbey itself, with its shrines. As, however, the demolished pew happened to stand partly in the nave and partly in the chancel of the little church, and as there was evidence that a rood screen had existed there till down to the present century, and cut across the site which the pew afterwards occupied, Bacon's supposed seat must have obviously been a very modern affair. While, therefore, we surrender to Professor Colvin's reprobation the many and inevitable blunders which were committed in the earlier epoch of Victorian restoration and the twilight days which followed—blunders which are by no persons more gravely regretted and unsparingly denounced than by the experienced restorers of our own period—we repudiate the imputation of intentional destructiveness so rashly brought against them as if they had repeated the barbarities of James Wyatt and his generation. We have had the curiosity to refer to what was long the organ of the restorationists *par excellence*, the *Ecclesiologist*, and we observe that thirty years ago it formulated its position in opposition to "destructiveness" as that of "conservative eclecticism," in the treatment of old churches. What other expression could be discovered to define the duties of those who had to perform the delicate task of reconciling old art and modern use?

We cannot better illustrate the dangers from which the newer and better-instructed restorationist aims to deliver our ancient buildings than by referring to a real incident in those earlier times, for the knowledge of which we are indebted to Sir Gilbert Scott's outspoken indignation. At Wells Cathedral, when it passed into the hands of an architect of undoubted eminence on the secular side of mediæval art, but of very doubtful ecclesiological knowledge, there still existed—worked up into the pews which then disfigured the choir—some precious and unique stall-ends of the thirteenth century, from which the stalls of that date might have been reinstated. Instead, they were neglected and thrown away as rubbish, and the pompous novelty of stone stalls was substituted. This was an undoubted act of wanton destruction under the desecrated name of restoration. But because this particular vandalism was committed we see no reason why the choir of Wells ought to have been for ever choked up with ugly and clumsy pews. Those pews were as little like what the cathedral was by its builders intended to be as it now is with its nineteenth-century stone stalls. The residue of stall-ends gave the clue to those in charge, had they had the wits to take it up, by which they might have worked out the original choir; and, by remaking those stalls, these ends would not only have been retained as they were, but would have revealed their *raison d'être*, while the composition of which they formed a part would have come to life again. This is surely a reasonable principle of restoration; but, if we understand the new Society's programme aright, it condemns it no less severely than the vandalism which was actually committed,



while they would have tabooed the man—dean or architect—who had laid a finger on the pews which overlaid and buried the uniquely valuable stall-ends. We may respectfully ask, Is this common sense? We may now put the probable case of a country church which has kept its stalls on one side of the chancel, while on the other they have given way to a rotting mass of worm-pierced deal and tattered baize, which was once the squire's pew. The chancel is worn out, and the choice lies between passing it on to the architect and builder or leaving it to fall. The stalls on one side, originally carved out of massive oak, are still so sound that any trifling repairs they may need are matters of mathematical certainty, while the reproduction of the missing half would be no less absolutely certain; as well as that the pew, originally run up in the cheapest, flimsiest way, must go from bad to worse as the harbour and breeding-ground of every sort of vermin. Does the Society take this pew under its protection? If so, it is consistent and quixotic. Does it, on the other hand, admit that in this case the stalls may be completed? Then, after all, it will accept a restoration. Or will it perhaps suggest a compromise and propose that the pew shall be swept away, but nothing be substituted for it? If so, we do not envy it the defence of so palpably wasteful and unsightly an expedient.

Having thus confessed very freely the weak points of our own side, we think we may fairly call upon the other side to do the same, and to own that their principles, pushed to a logical extreme, would result in what has been termed the "gospel of decay and death." In all other things England may

From precedent to precedent go broadening on.

The old churches only are to stand not petrified, for petrification excludes decay, but plague-stricken, so that the sentimentalist may be free to maunder and the artist to find "charming effects" among their moss-stained arches and rotting pews. Patching and propping are indeed grudgingly conceded, but under conditions which would almost make the impartial man of taste prefer to trust the pile to the chances of time and tempest. In law, in politics, in medicine, in every element of our national life, the one thing which modern thinkers ban, with even unnecessary vehemence, is that which they term the "reactionary." How can they clear this ultra-conservatism, this plusquam Eldonite Toryism, as to old buildings, from the imputation of reaction? Professor Colvin of course has himself too much sense, and knows too well what he is talking about, to take up the more extreme positions of the fanatics of his party. We should, for instance, imagine that he would hardly approve of the action of a well-known firm which is said to keep a ready printed circular declining to provide painted glass for old churches. Nevertheless, while he often strays into concessions sufficiently ample and proffers statements sufficiently chastened to make it possible for those who formally differ from him to seek for points of agreement rather than of difference, still he has not cleared himself from the characteristic fault of all his party—that of unfairly jumbling together the more modern and scientific school of restorers with the ignorant botchers of old buildings in the earlier years of the century, the undoing of whose unlucky handiwork has been no small part of the burden cast upon contemporary shoulders.

The writer shows considerable polemical ingenuity in putting M. Viollet le Duc in the forefront of his indictment. He might, however, have added that the method of wholesale reconstruction instituted by that daring "Inspector-General of monuments" and his subordinates, to the manifest profit of the working classes, and under the direction of a Government in which communism masqueraded in Imperial trappings, has always been steadfastly repudiated and denounced by the mouthpieces of what is in England accepted as restoration. So melancholy a spectacle as the nave of the Cathedral of Le Mans, once a genuine Romanesque construction, but now, inside as well as out, a bald, cold, unrelieved production of this century, finds no counterpart in recent England.

Professor Colvin concedes very nearly all which we claim when he says, "If the appointments which satisfied our grandfathers are really clear against modern conscience and convenience, let them go." To this, however, must be added, "Let sense, not sentiment, be the guide, and never forget the art in the use nor the use in the art." We may illustrate our general position by a true story. There is a fourteenth-century church in Sussex close to a well-known station, which contained some twenty years ago, as it still does, stalls, brasses, tiles, fragments of old glass, and an arrangement of altar steps all of peculiar interest and beauty. At that time it also contained a roof so rotten that a builder who was called in struck his walking-stick through a principal beam. The witnesses of this feat happened to be restorers, and so a new roof was resolved upon and carried out, and thus there still stand underneath its altar steps, stalls, brasses, old glass, and tiles. Had they been anti-restorers, the roof would have of course fallen in in and everything would have been smashed. But we must confess that there are also, in place of some thoroughly vile pews of the last century, open seats in the nave. Will the Anti-Restoration Society tell us that, when it came to stripping the church, these pews were to be ranked with the brasses and the stalls of the purest Edwardian school; and, had its fagelman been at the opening, would he have reprobated the temerity of a cheery rural dean who advised the assembled clergy not to imitate the then rector of the church by postponing, as he had done, restoring their churches till they had entered their second century? The essence of Professor Colvin's plea is found in the following passage:—

"That is all very well," say the friends of restoration, "but we do not want to give up our old churches for new; we want to worship under the

same roof as our fathers." Nay, you have no right to that plea, the roof you worship under is the same roof no longer; you have been ashamed of your fathers' ways and the ways of your fathers' fathers; you have burned their handiwork and wiped out the traces of their lives; they would know their own place no more. "Are we then to build new churches and let the old go to ruin beside them?" Do not let them go to ruin as long as legitimate repair can keep them standing and weatherproof; maintain the humbleness of them, as long as it can be maintained, if not as a place of accustomed and beloved hereditary worship, at any rate as a treasure-house of simple local art and history. But let them go to ruin, of the fullness of time they must, rather than "restore" them. The whistle of the wind along their empty aisles will be less saddening than the ring of the restorer's hammer. Better the fate of Melrose, Tintern, or Kievaulx than the fate of Worcester or of Durham.

Of course of the scraping of Worcester, perpetrated by a local practitioner, and of Durham done very long ago by James Wyatt, we think as the Professor does, while we must remind him that in both cases a chief "restorer" of the new school has been called in to redress as far as possible the mischief. But as to the main proposition, what can be well more extravagant? Parishioners with souls to save in coming generations are—though the old churches are standing among them capable of reparation for their legitimate use—to be reduced to the alternative of raising a superetation of new fanes, or of going altogether without public worship in the name of "simple local art and history," though art implies the alliance of beauty and use, and history should chronicle progress not decay. Yet, as we have said, Professor Colvin is a comparatively moderate representative of his school. Are we then wrong in characterizing the dogma of that school as the gospel of decay and death?

Before concluding, we may say a few words upon that particular question over which the fiercest controversy has been raging, and to which indeed Professor Colvin refers—we mean the treatment of the west-end of the choir of Canterbury. The case as presented by his side is whether or not the stone returned stalls with panelling behind set up by Prior Eastry, dating from the fourteenth century, shall be reinstated, and the beautifully carved stall-work of the Gibbons manner be shunted. This, however, is so incomplete a statement as to be absolutely fallacious. The question really hinges upon two considerations which the anti-restorationists sedulously put in the background, to the detriment of their reputation for fairness, or of their possession of that faculty of imaginative forecast necessary to an art critic. The first is that the Eastry west-end work is a "missing link." Eastry's choir—a specialty in itself, as we shall proceed to show—stands, owing to the eclipse, in two disconnected fragments and presents the least valuable part of a once complete whole. In like manner the modern stalls are a disconnected fragment. Had they been continued round the sides with equal beauty of execution, but so as to hide Eastry's side work, the question might fairly have been raised whether Eastry's choir was so important as to claim being brought out at their cost. Now, however, each *jure contra laudre* and neither tells its true artistic tale. Let the more modern work retire, and we possess recalled to life a complete choir, unique, artistically and archæologically, as being carved out in stone, and not, like the other mediæval choirs of England, in wood, while that which has retired is only one of many delicate specimens of wood-carving. This is the first consideration, and the second grows out of it, that this wood work, of which we speak as we think—namely, with genuine admiration—being a fragment merely in itself, claims to be placed where it is best seen and can be most closely examined, and that, in its present rather dark situation, it is neither well seen nor capable of examination, while a place is ready for it where the minute beauties of its workmanship can be most advantageously studied. If we add to this that the process not only brings the stalls literally to the light, but restores to practical life Eastry's west end, which must otherwise remain a practically non-existent thing, we think we have sufficiently demonstrated to which side the balance leans. The retention, now happily an accomplished fact, of the baldacchino in the chapel of Trinity College, Cambridge, rests on totally different considerations. It is the completion and crown of a homogeneous choir, which without it would be a mutilated fragment, while the perpendicular window, which would have been revealed, is chiefly respectable for its size, while it exists for all purposes of study by its external face continuing visible. In fact, the reasons for keeping the baldacchino at Trinity as the complement of the side panelling and the organ loft are identical with those for revealing Eastry's work in its completeness. Thus the rehabilitation of the thirteenth-century choir at Canterbury, coupled with the loving replacement of the delicate late work, and the scrupulous retention of the eighteenth-century choir at Trinity, rest both upon identical principles of conservative eclecticism, to the equal confusion of the ruthless pedantry of destructive ultra-restorers and intransigent anti-restorers. After all, let us depart in peace with the Anti-Restoration Society and its ingenious mouthpiece. While failing to make good its claim to mark an epoch, yet in that "progression by antagonism" by which the very complex and lengthy process of accommodating art, archæology and use must be worked out, it may play a useful part. It is rude, impetuous, and unjust in its judgments upon men and motives, but it is an instrument fitted to do slashing Bashli-Bazouk execution upon pretenders who are still more rude, impetuous, and unjust in their handling of buildings the grammar of whose construction they have not had wit or patience to master.

## PLEASANT TEVIOTDALE.

MANY years ago Mr. Carlyle spoke of Ettrick and Afghanistan as districts in which romance and love stories of the old sort were still not quite impossible. Civilization has done its worst since Mr. Carlyle wrote thus; but the heart of Scott's country, of the Border country, is still almost as unspoiled as Afghanistan. The tourist who is borne along the "Waverley route," from one greasy and polluted stream to another, may find it hard to believe that the upper waters are still pure and clear, and that beyond the sound of the railway whistle the vast and desolate places of the shepherds are, to all seeming, as lonely as the Sahara. The railway runs by Border towns which are changed in many ways, though not quite changed in spirit, since the Hawick or Jedburgh louts raised the cry of "Burke Sir Walter!" Even then, though manufactures were creeping in, there was little smoke in the air, and not much dye in the waters. Now, on the lower Teviot, Ettrick, and Gala, you find in the hollows rambling lanes of dwarfed houses, built of bleak greystone, and obviously planted just where the convenience of the workers in a new mill happened to suggest. For some reason—perhaps because they are prosperous, advanced, and enlightened, perhaps because they have plenty of natural beauty almost at their doors—the dwellers in these "smoky dwarf houses" do nothing to adorn the place of their abode. Perhaps each mill-worker thinks that he has the golden key in his pocket, and that he, like so many others, may rise to be a manufacturing prince. If he does, he will move from the hollow by the dirty river, the hollow that the smoke from the stunted chimneys drifts into, and will build himself a palace on the hill. In about three acres of ground he will erect, in the spirit of competition, a mighty modern castle. He will have a billiard-room adjoining each bedroom, a tennis-court perhaps, an alley for American bowls, and a gallery of the pictures of popular Scotch masters. Here he will lie beside his nectar, while his wheels are whirled in the valley, and while the pastoral waters are made yet more filthy day by day, unless the Rivers Pollution Act is worked with unexpected vigour. Looking forward to these glories, the inhabitants of the squalid new streets do not perhaps think it worth while to attend to their cottage gardens, which they are soon to leave. In many places you may see the remains of the virgin turf all covered with dirt, rank weeds, and everything unlovely, where the space would have been made a garden of roses and carnations by English cottagers. It may be that the neighbourhood supplies so much beauty that a half-unconscious feeling for contrast leads the townspeople to prefer the hideous in their streets. Or the utter loathsomeness of the black steaming fluids which the mills pour forth to boil and fester in the half-dry river beds may have infected the general mind, and may have destroyed all care for neatness. Whatever the reason may be, the purlieus of a growing Border town are hideous with more than the usual unloveliness of suburbs.

If the traveller is not daunted by the appearance of the towns through which he is borne and of the stations at which he is obliged to stop, if he cares to walk or drive up the banks of one of the debased rivers, he soon finds that the ugliness is only skin-deep. A mile's walk takes you from the land of manufactures into the land of the Border clans, and chiefly of the Scotts. The first burn you stop at may be traced, and will lead you into green muffled glens, where hazel and alder grow as fair as in George Sand's country. Here and there an ancient thorn speaks of the old forest which once so covered the hills that from one side of the narrow valley of Teviot it was impossible to see a man riding a white horse on the other. There are other trees less ancient than the thorns, indeed, but speaking no less of history. In front of the cottage doors there is always a stately ash tree, like that of which the Border poet lately dead sang so tenderly:—

There grows an ash by my bower door,  
And a' its boughs are busk't braw  
In fairest weeds o' summer green,  
And birds sit singing on them a'.

The trees were planted in obedience to a Scotch law which required that ashens shafts should be forthcoming for the Jeddart lances. One venerable ash still stands which used to bear evil fruit, the "hanging ash" at Brannholm tower, whereon evildoers, generally from the other side of the marches, were suspended. The tenants of the tower had not that sentimental objection to the spectacle of men hanged up outside the bed-room windows to which a newspaper Correspondent in Bulgaria has confessed. Following the "water," Meggat water, or Ail, or Allen, as the case may be, beyond the shepherds' cottages, it is probable enough that you will reach a ruinous peel tower, with a story of its own. On the ash tree outside one the owner was hanged for a thief by some earnest King James. This malefactor's bones had a curious fate; they were dug up by a very recent hind, and transported by him to his new home in Australia. Probably the sentiment which made the Athenians bring the bones of Theseus back from across the sea was unconsciously at work in the mind of an unromantic modern emigrant. Another tower was inhabited, after it had fallen almost into ruins, by two ancient maiden ladies, more poor, and desolate, and proud, than even Hawthorne's spinster in the *House of the Seven Gables*. After the death of these sisters the curious neighbours explored the tower, and found no remains of any food except dried snails and empty snail shells. The poor old women had fallen back, in the time of our great-grandfathers, on the traditional food of Scotch people in time of famine. Indeed severe famine was not unknown in days

not very remote on the Scotch border. The nickname is still remembered of a worthy citizen in one of the towns, who won some popular gratitude, and the sobriquet of "Turnips," by permitting the destitute to browse in his turnip field without price, while a more thrifty contemporary sold these esculent roots at a high ransom. It would be possible to fill a volume with legends which even Scott omitted, or merely consigned to a place in the delightful notes to his poems. One might follow the Rankle burn to the grass-covered knoll where even the spade of the archaeologist has only unearthed a few fragments of an ancient chapel of the house of Buccleuch. Nearly three hundred years ago Satchells's "good-sir," as he calls him, remembered a visit which certain of the Scott family paid to the chapel, and spoke of the graves inscribed only with the old arms of the house, which were then judged to be four hundred years old. Satchells, the author of the extraordinary doggerel history of the Scotts, guessed rightly that Buccleuch must in the old times have been a person of great worth and consideration to be able to build a hunting chapel and kennels in the midst of the uninhabited forest. Nor was this chapel a solitary example of the power, the vast estates, and the piety of the line; for here and there in the hills the name of "chapel-hope" survives the faintest traces of walls or graves. The sanctity of these holy places remains in the memory of the shepherds; but it is now attached, not to the "papist" place of worship, but to the burnside where the Cameronians were shot down by the dragoons of Claverhouse. Even in living memory these bones are said to have been discovered, in one instance, by the torrent of the stream when "great and muckle o' spate."

Satchells's book of doggerel is rare enough now; and the inquirer will be lucky if he falls in with a venerable copy much bethumbed by the shepherds of the last century. The work is a perfect treasure of traditions, all told in the most unaffected rhymes and assonances. Scott of Satchells was bent on pleasing all his neighbours of the clan and all their retainers. He hitched every one of them into his verse, with many apologies for calling them "shepherd swains." He insists in every page that they were all gentlemen, and proved it to demonstration. Even the humblest "shepherd swain" might be traced to a Scott who was a "pensioner" of Buccleuch, or held lands of his own. Thus, if Scott of Howford, for example, be a gentleman, which no one denies, then Jimmy Scott in Catslack must be a gentleman too, though one might not think it, because his father was David Scott in Goldilands; and so on—a truly Scottish counting of cousins. The "shepherd swains" are continually reminded that Tamerlane was a shepherd, and Paris of Troy, and Cyrus—all of whom were undoubted gentlemen. One William Grieve is addressed by the poet in the following melodious line:—

I trust you may never marry beneath yourself;

and indeed no writer is so strongly convinced of the natural distinction between gentle and simple as Satchells. The first duty of man, with him, is to be true to the head of his house, as he illustrates by the story of Kimmont Willie, and of his gallant rescue by "the bauld Buccleuch." It is difficult to read Satchells's lumbering yet spirited lines on that affair without being obliged to suspect that Scott, or some one else, patched up the famous ballad in the *Border Minstrelsy* out of the hints of the rhyming historian of the family. The second great virtue with Satchells was hospitality, and the readiness to entertain all comers, rich and poor. These virtues have not died out among the shepherd swains "up the water," who keep their sheep now on the knolls their ancestors knew when first the chapel in Rankle forest was built. Beyond their farms and sheilings one follows the hill-waters to their sources in the high moorland lochs, and looks across a vast and silent table-land of heather and turf, seamed here and there with a green valley, broken now and again by the Catrail, the mysterious wall and boundary of an unknown race. On the horizon, in low yet clear-cut outline, are the more distant hills; blue, and far off they lie, the wardens of the Border, ringing round this land of the leal.

## FLOATING WAIFS.

EVERY now and then a traveller comes across certain waifs and strays whose appearance in foreign parts at all is a surprise, while how they found their way to the extreme points where one lights on them is in the nature of a miracle. Knowing no language but their own, unaccompanied by man or maid, unprotected by experience, and very often with an exceedingly limited amount of money, these uprooted offshoots of the human family have flung themselves into the great waves of the vast and the unknown, and are to be met floating far away from the paternal shores, making one wonder how in the name of fortune they ever got there. They are of all kinds; gentle and rough; timid and bold; in bad health and of almost cruel robustness; full of enthusiasm for all that they see, and full of contempt for all that they do not understand; but they are all alike in one thing—they have left the safe anchorage of home, and have drifted down to far-off points, for the most part without a plan, and almost as if by some blind fatality. How have they done it? The nervous little Frenchwoman who worries herself into a fever if she has anything to do beyond the ordinary routine of her daily life; the stay-at-home, indolent, dependent Italian, who has been taught from her youth upwards that it is certainly dangerous and all but immoral for her to be seen



a hundred yards away from her home unattended, and whose attendants must include a grave, staid, elderly man, if they are to have the true conventional value; the ignorant Spaniard, even less locomotive than the Italian; all look with wonder on the floating waifs and strays of their own sex, who—now English and now American, sometimes German, and sometimes Russian, but rarely of the Latin races—tumble about the world alone, and do not seem to get much damaged in the process. They look on with wonder, as at beings of another kind and race altogether; but they scarcely look on with envy, and feel much the same kind of shuddering pity that Turkish women are said to feel when, from the secure recesses of their well-guarded and well-peopled harem, they discuss the lives of their Christian sisters who go about the world with neither slaves nor guards, nor yet even veils, to stand between them and harm.

It is not so much at hotels as at pensions that these odd creatures are found "doing" a district with such life and spirit as they have brains to devise or means to compass. Sometimes, indeed, they do not "do" it at all, save to the extent implied in a middle-aged woman's pottering walk about the broad streets of the town or the byways of the country. Their aim is neither art nor nature, but such personal comfort as they can get for their money, and the edification or discomfiture of such chance acquaintances as fate and the ill-luck of these last have thrown in their way. These floating waifs are the tyrants of the pension drawing-rooms, the auto-crats of blinds and open windows, the scourge of the dinner-table, the affliction of the whole establishment. Either they are helpless, and for ever wanting as much attendance as if the *cameriera* were their private maid and the *cameriere* their own particular man; or they are exacting, harsh, and despotic, sure to find everything wrong, and to demand that it shall be set to rights under pain of such public protest as will empty the house for the whole of the current season. Sometimes they take it in hand to reform the cooking, and worry the unhappy landlady with recipes and suggestions which make the cook cross, and nearly send herself frantic; and sometimes they set themselves to reform the service, and to teach that careless, good-tempered, slipshod Mariuccia, who thinks herself a world's pattern if she flaps a feather brush once or twice a week over the furniture, how to clean and scrub à l'anglaise, which is a task about as hopeful as trying to teach a monkey how to speak or a walrus how to walk. Occasionally they take a turn at the company in the way of moral improvement, and sharply reprove backsliders who do not join in the *Ancient and Modern* on Sunday evenings, and who have their own ideas on the relative value of forms of government. When they begin this kind of thing, however, they are sure to end by creating a schism in the house, one section joining with them in the lawfulness of words in season to undeniable sinners, while the others stand on the ground of private rights, and ask what is it to any one what anybody else thinks or believes? The floating waifs of this kind are a positive terror to the neighbourhood, where they drift about from house to house, carrying their repute with them as the sepia carries its ink, or the rattlesnake its rings. They come to be as well known as the houses themselves; and the atmosphere is loaded with anecdotes of their doings which make their country-folks ashamed of a common nationality, and set them discussing among themselves the expediency of making the lunacy laws more stringent and comprehensive than they are now.

Sundry of these floating waifs seem to think that, home left behind, home morals may be left behind too; and that to kick over the traces altogether in Naples is not as serious a matter as even champing the bit in London. Girls come down unchaperoned and alone among the orange gardens and vineyards of Castellammare and Sorrento, and plunge into adventures which, truthfully translated, would make their friends in the quiet country village at home wonder what was left in life that could be relied on. They live alone in lodgings in Naples, a city where even a mother is not considered sufficient protection for her daughter; and then pretend to wonder at the result, if their cue is for the moment decorum. Or they go to hotels where they knock up strict friendships with young men, with the inevitable consequence of discovery and scandal; and then hold their countrywomen to be as hard as nether millstones, or as hypocritical as Pharisees always are, if they decline to submit themselves or their young daughters to the questionable advantages of their acquaintance. The most marvellous stories of the license sometimes taken by the younger unprotected females of our nation, as well as of others, meet one in the remotest parts of Italy and the Continent in general—stories which make one cease to wonder at the Italian jealousy which condemns the women to such seclusion, and demands for them so much protection as it does.

Sometimes these floating waifs, while thoroughly respectable in conduct and inoffensive in temper, are yet of all people imaginable the least fit for the circumstances in which they have voluntarily placed themselves. They have been born and brought up in some secluded spot in England, say, where every one knew them and their forbears before them, and held them as in a sense their own, to be gently coerced and criticized and kept straight, out of love and for their own good, but defended to the death against any stranger hand should it touch them rudely. Suddenly these timid, inexperienced, natural nuns leave the safe homestead where they have been guarded and sheltered for all their forty years, and wander off to foreign parts, impelled by the modern mania which drives the British female to travel whether she knows any language but her own or not, whether she understands art or not, whether she has a passion for nature

or is one to whom a field of ripening corn represents only the coming harvest and a rushing torrent so much wasted water, who thinks that a mountain shuts out the view and would like to see what lies on the other side, while a gorge merely suggests a nasty place for a tumble in a dark night. In any case, she travels, and spreads herself with the rest over all the well-known places where there are English-speaking pensions and life can be compassed for so many francs a day. How did she get there? who took her ticket at the railway-station? who weighed her luggage and made her understand what she had to pay? how did she get out of the hands of the *facchini* with a franc left in her purse? how did she find her way to the pension? and, if she has been through Naples, how did she keep her things together, and escape being robbed of everything she possessed? But no special evil has happened to her. The Providence that looks after children and fools has had its hands pretty full with her, and it is to be hoped she is duly grateful. At any rate she turns up at the pension dusty and travel-worn, but serene; with all her bags and bundles safe, and with money still left to keep her head above water. She is a standing miracle to the more experienced travellers who understand what are the perils of the way, and who smart under the fleecings which they have to undergo, even protected as they are by a knowledge of the language and of the tricks played off on travellers who are unwary and undefended. They still bear the marks of the fights which they have had, and smart under the losses to which they have been obliged to submit; while here comes a dove straying out of the home cage, and flits about among the kites in comparative safety and with scarce the loss of a feather.

Sometimes these floating waifs are in such a state of health as makes one think each day will see them stretched on the bed whence they are never to rise again. They are far advanced in consumption, or they are crippled with rheumatism, or they have a spinal complaint, or some internal malady which renders rest and care necessities of their existence. Yet they come abroad by themselves, drifting from house to house and from place to place without care or comfort, rest or friendship; sick and alone; carrying their death as their ever-present possession, but trying to forget while they hasten it in the icy galleries of Rome or the burning streets of Naples. Most melancholy of all the waifs which float by us on the great tide of travel, they make us now marvel at their courage and now mourn over their foolhardiness. But for the most part they are touchy about themselves; and, while bearing every mark of incurable malady, resent it as an impertinence should you show as much interest in their state as you would for people afflicted with a cold in the head or a temporary toothache. The innocent and the adventurous, the sick and the sorry, the joyous and the robust, the sensitive and the brazen, the firebrands and the peaceful—we meet them all one after the other, like so many jelly-fishes stranded by the waves on the sea-shore. We cannot say that we like the majority of them, though some are pleasant and lovable enough; but in general the very fact of being unprotected seems to be the mordant which fastens into a set colour and an ugly pattern all the worst characteristics of a woman; and the person who as a home-staying limpet would be certainly respectable and might even be admirable, as a floating waif is almost sure to be an example of all that should be avoided, while her respectability too often depends rather on accident than design, and she is what she should be more because she is unable than unwilling to be anything else.

#### THE MENNONITES IN CANADA.

WHEN each day brings its new tale of horror, when narratives of death and destruction fill the columns of the public journals, and our faculties are strained with watching the incidents of one of the most horrible wars that ever afflicted Europe, it is some relief to turn to a scene which has lately been enacted in a remote corner of our Empire, where colonists from Russia have received with gratitude and enthusiasm the representative of the Queen in her Canadian dominions. During his visit to the recently organized province of Manitoba, Lord Dufferin took the opportunity of inspecting the Mennonite settlements on the Red River, and of personally examining the condition of these colonists from the Russian Steppes. Their history is curious and instructive, in so far as it shows, though perhaps with some exaggeration, the results of the system so much in favour in modern Europe, of insisting on universal military service, and thus forging a weapon the very possession of which leads to its use.

Originally a sect of the Anabaptists, founded by Mennon, a priest who adopted the tenets of the Reformation about the middle of the sixteenth century, the Mennonites rapidly spread and formed settlements in Northern Germany, more particularly in the neighbourhood of Danzig. They were distinguished by their industry, their practical religion, and by their refusal, from conscientious motives, to engage in war. This last peculiarity has involved them in constant trouble with the military States of Europe. For conscience sake they forsook their homes in Germany and embraced the offer made by Catharine II. and the Emperor Paul to colonize the vast plains lying to the north of the Black Sea, where they were promised free exercise of their religion, and, as they declare, complete exemption from military service. Among the various nationalities that inhabited the Steppes, these German colonists were distinguished by

their industry, frugality, and consequent prosperity. They remained isolated among the Slavonic races, and the neatness and order of their villages, together with their careful system of agriculture, presented a pleasing contrast to the semi-barbarism of the surrounding people. For about a hundred years they lived in peace, amassing considerable wealth, and preserving intact their German language and customs. But the fate that had driven them from Germany pursued them in their new homes, and, after vainly protesting against the recent law of military service by which Russia has attempted to augment her army, they determined to send representatives to the New World to endeavour to find a place where they might exercise their religion without fear of being forced to violate its injunctions. It was manifestly the interest of both the United States and Canadian Governments to welcome so industrious a population, and, after acquiring much information and receiving the necessary guarantees, the representatives returned to Russia and reported favourably on what they had seen. The Russian Government—alive to the loss that would arise from this wholesale emigration—endeavoured by all the means in its power to hinder it from being carried into effect. The Mennonites were, however, resolute; some embarked for the United States, whilst others, placing themselves in communication with a colony of their sect in Ontario, determined on forming settlements in the distant province of Manitoba. In 1873 the delegates, under the guidance of Mr. Hespeler, visited the province, and at the present time the Mennonites constitute nearly one-fifth of its entire population. They have formed three settlements, and number nearly six thousand five hundred men, women, and children. Before emigrating they were careful to secure from the Canadian Government guarantees for exemption from military service, a loan of 100,000 dollars at six per cent. on the security of their co-religionists in Ontario, and the setting apart of tracts of land for their exclusive colonization. As yet everything has gone smoothly, and marked prosperity has rewarded the thrift, skill, and industry of the new colonists. Their homesteads are formed into small villages of from eight to ten families; the greater part of the arable land and the whole of the pasturage are held in common, although each household cultivates a garden well stocked with vegetables for its separate use. The houses are solidly constructed of logs, sometimes on stone foundations, and of larger size than is usual with first settlers. The cattle sheds and barns are on a larger scale, and, with careful forethought, were erected even before the dwelling-places. The habit of providing fuel from manure and straw, acquired in the treeless Steppes of Russia, has stood the new colonists in good stead, and has given them an advantage over the settlers from the forest districts of Canada; as, except along the courses of the streams, Manitoba is but poorly provided with trees. Each small village has its system of government, an unpaid clergyman administering to the spiritual wants, and a paid schoolmaster to the educational requirements, of the population; whilst the moral character of the colonists is upheld by the system of banishing from the community those who are guilty of crime.

It is almost needless to say that the Governor-General received a warm welcome from these newly-arrived colonists, and that the address he made to them called forth hearty approbation. Coming from a country which, preparing as it then was for approaching war, claimed from its population the sacrifices arising from compulsory service, they found themselves in a land where, as Lord Dufferin remarked, struggle and contention awaited them, but struggle against the brute forces of nature, not against their fellow-men. A war of ambition was promised them, but the conquests were to be the illimitable plains which awaited their toil; whilst, in place of obeying the decrees of an autocratic Power, they were invited to share in the advantages of constitutional rule, and to assist, by their choice of representatives, in the government of their newly-adopted country.

Slowly, as compared with the progress made by some of the Western States of America, but not the less surely, is the province of Manitoba growing in prosperity and importance. But a few years ago the seat of the fur-trade, and inhabited by a mixed race of Indians, half-breeds, and French settlers, subject to the control of the Hudson Bay officers, the province came, after a short period of turmoil, under the authority of the Canadian Government, and was admitted as an integral part of the Dominion. Colonists from Ontario migrated in search of farms to be enclosed from the almost boundless prairies; Quebec sent its representatives from the French population, glad to unite themselves with the older settlers of the same race and language; Europe contributed its quota, and settlers from Iceland found themselves in contact with Mennonites from Southern Russia, and with Sioux Indians who had fled for security from the United States. The girls at the St. Boniface Orphanage who welcomed the Governor-General and Lady Dufferin on their visit to that establishment afforded a fair specimen of the various races comprising this mixed community. Children of English, Scotch, United States, Canadian, Irish, Cree, Metis, Sauteaux, Sioux, Magogon, and Montagnais birth were there receiving an education under the fostering charge of a French archbishop; whilst other denominations were equally active in providing for the wants of those who were not members of the Roman Catholic Church. But civilization is spreading far beyond Winnipeg, the capital of Manitoba. At a distance of forty days' journey across the plains lies the seat of government of the new Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West. There is room and to spare for those whom the over-population or the wars of Europe may drive westwards. Others besides the Mennonites may be led to seek

peace and freedom in a country where no conscription compels to unwilling service, and where no war threatens to rob the labourer of the fruits of his toil. But colonists who aspire to fight against the natural forces which meet and thwart the settler must possess the industry, self-sacrifice, and sobriety that characterize these Mennonites. There are many hardships to be encountered besides those of military service, and the freedom of a new country is of little value except to those who know how to use it rightly. Manitoba is no place for the waifs and strays of Europe, although it offers a fair field for men resolved to meet bravely the accidents of a colonist's life.

#### THE THEATRES.

WHEN the late Lord Lytton wrote *The House of Darnley*, which, found in an unfinished state after his death, has been completed by Mr. Coghlan, and is now played at the Court Theatre, he probably did not contemplate its being produced under the conditions familiar to the comedy of the present day, but unknown in the time of *Money*. An able critic has observed that "the work is true to the older traditions of comedy"; and there is a certain discrepancy between these and the method of interpretation which fits the newer school of writing. The effort of modern comedy is to approach as nearly as may be to an accurate representation of actual life without dropping into the dulness which unfortunately often belongs to life off the stage. This dulness it was no doubt the aim also of Lord Lytton to avoid; but, so long as he succeeded in producing a striking situation or an imposing, if shallow, tirade, he was at comparatively little pains to consider whether the speeches of his personages could be imagined to bear any tolerable resemblance to the deliverances of men of this world. He carried into the realm of comedy the romance-writer's privilege of giving verbal expression in the mouths of his characters to such thoughts and feelings as in actual experience we seldom hear uttered, and over the whole composition he threw that kind of artificial inflation and grandiosity which offered itself aptly to Thackeray's satire in *George de Barnwell*. In listening to the virtuous sentiments of the heroes one seems to feel the presence of capital letters; and in regarding the conduct of the villains one is conscious of that curious inclination to the rawest form of melodrama which may be detected even in the finest of Lord Lytton's works. These qualities were not much out of harmony with the tastes prevalent when *Money* was first a successful play. Things of the stage were then more essentially staid than they are now; there was a broader line of demarcation between life as it is and life as the theatre pictured it; and probably less surprise was felt at Evelyn's holding up a guinea and delivering a lecture upon it, calling it a piece of yellow earth, than is now caused by the great merchant Darnley observing that a poor wretch has forged his name "for a handful of dross." Such expressions as these one expects to hear nowadays only in the mouths of virtuous peasants in melodramas or burlesques of melodramas; and their utterance by players well trained in the school which aims at the avoidance of exaggeration cannot but produce a certain sense of unreality, which runs more or less throughout the piece, and is perhaps the more strongly marked because of its contrast with the care taken to give as real an aspect as possible to the various scenes of the play. These scenes as specimens of decorative taste are in their way admirable; but, besides the fact that the old-fashioned dialogue sounds yet more old-fashioned by being spoken in a room hung with the newest devices of present art, the mere attention to detail is somewhat too elaborate. There is so much to observe and admire in the furniture and general arrangement of the room that the attention is distracted from the people who walk and talk in it. A triumph of scenic decoration is gained, but it is at the risk of obscuring what it is designed to illustrate.

This is chiefly observed in the first scene of the play, a drawing-room in Darnley's house, where we discover that the great merchant, by dint of devoting himself to make more and more money with which to indulge every whim of his wife, Lady Juliet, has come to be so absorbed in business that he sees but little of her. Of this circumstance Sir Francis Marsden, her cousin, avails himself as much as possible, to the disgust of Darnley's friend Mainwaring, a man who, owing much to Darnley, is ready at all times to serve him with all the devotion of a warm heart, which he hides under a cynical manner. A secondary interest is supplied by Marsden's friend Mr. Fyshe, who is anxious to marry Miss Placid, Lady Juliet's friend, because by the terms of her guardian's will her fortune of thirty thousand pounds is to come to him if they marry, or if she refuses him, but not if he refuses her. Of this there is little chance, because he sees in her the ideal Mrs. Fyshe. The exaggerated emphasis which Lord Lytton was wont to give to his characters is well illustrated by the conversation of Mr. Fyshe, who, on hearing of the suicide of an intimate friend, is vexed because he has lent him an umbrella, and goes out to recover it from the dead man's house. Mainwaring, it appears in the course of the act, has a sister who has disgraced herself by a connexion with a scoundrel whose name is unknown, and her brother has resolved never to forgive her. When Darnley is summoned away to see a mysterious lady, and returns in a state of great agitation, anxious before all things to get Mainwaring out of the house, it is natural to conclude, as Mr. Coghlan has done, that the lady is none other than the missing sister, and in this event there is no glaring



improbability. But to bring the act to an effective close much improbability has to be called in. Lady Juliet, whose frivolity is but superficial, returns from a projected excursion on the river to spend the day with her husband, and is hurt at his putting her off on the plea of business. While she is yet talking the lady is ushered in, and Lady Juliet goes away full of suspicion. We are left to discover for ourselves why Darnley chose to conduct the interview in his drawing-room, and why he did not choose to confide its nature to Lady Juliet. In the second act we hear of danger threatening Darnley's commercial success, and we have a scene in which Marsden begins to pay his court in undisguised terms to Lady Juliet until he is interrupted by the entrance of Darnley. Then comes a scene borrowed, and spoilt in the borrowing, from Dumas's *Un Mariage sous Louis Quinze*, in which Darnley tells the story of a husband who discovered that a friend was making love to his wife, and left them together with complete confidence in his wife. The situation differs much for the worse from the original in that Darnley not only feels but expresses in set terms his contempt for the lover, who presently has his revenge. Sir Francis has discovered from Fyshe that Darnley is keeping up a mysterious establishment in St. John's Wood, which is, in fact, the refuge of Mainwaring's sister. He gives the address, which he has got from Fyshe, to Lady Juliet, who at once orders her carriage and drives off to make investigation for herself.

In the remaining acts are shown the consequences of Darnley's folly in keeping the existence of Mainwaring's sister a secret from his wife. Lady Juliet, without asking him for any explanation, insists upon a separation; while he on his side belies his expression of complete trust in his wife by supposing that her heart has been estranged from him by the wiles of Marsden. Meanwhile, his commercial house is threatened with ruin; Lady Juliet, informed of this by Mainwaring, hastens to save her husband, her love for whom suddenly returns, by sacrificing her family jewels; and in the last act Mr. Coghlan brings things to a satisfactory conclusion by revealing Marsden as the seducer of Mainwaring's sister, and uniting Darnley and Juliet in an embrace as the curtain falls. Miss Placid, who loves Mainwaring, has in the third act alarmed Fyshe by suddenly breaking out into a description, with imitations, of a hunting scene which she seems to have borrowed from Lady Gay Spanker, and at the end secures not only the husband she wants, but her fortune as well. It will be seen that the materials upon which *The House of Darnley* is founded are not particularly novel, and their arrangement is certainly not the greatest proof we have seen of Lord Lytton's skill as a playwright. The characters display no keenness of insight, but may be said to have the merit of being strongly marked. The dialogue is in a certain sense effective even when disfigured by the tawdriness of which we have spoken; and here and there are touches of the real wit and imagination which Lord Lytton possessed, but for which he was too apt to substitute the mere trickery of writing. Mr. Coghlan has performed his task of finishing the play with considerable success; and only once or twice in the course of his act do such expressions as that, for instance, uttered by Mr. Fyshe, "Not if Mr. Fyshe knows it," strikes one as out of place. The part of Darnley is undertaken by Mr. Kelly, who plays throughout with vigour, but gives too little variety to his intonation and gesture. The same tones and actions are relied upon to express many forms of emotion; and in the story which he tells of the confiding husband, Mr. Kelly talks with too obvious a violence at Sir Francis Marsden. Mr. Kelly fails moreover to give anything beyond a wooden semblance of pathos to Darnley's distress when he finds that his wife has left him. As Lady Juliet, Miss Ellen Terry displays the charm of natural gaiety and the equally natural depth of feeling which we have constantly admired in her acting; but Miss Terry has been seen to greater advantage in other pieces, inasmuch as the part demands a constant repetition of the same emotions, and, in truth, owes its interest more to its interpreter than its author. Mr. Hare, as Mainwaring, strikes out a new line with great success. There is scarcely a word or action in his presentment of the kind-hearted man of bitter speech which one could wish altered; and there is true feeling in his exclamation and attitude when he hears that his sister has gone to the death in life of a convent. Miss Amy Roselle plays Miss Placid with vivacity; Mr. Bishop makes as plausible a figure as possible of Mr. Fyshe, and Miss Henri plays the mysterious lady with excellent effect. Mr. Titheradge has a thankless part in Sir Francis Marsden, but might, one would think, give it a more life-like and agreeable aspect.

It is curious to turn from *The House of Darnley* to Mr. Gilbert's *Engaged* at the Haymarket, which is a long-drawn-out skit upon the false stage sentiment which may be found in certain passages of Lord Lytton's work as well as in almost every stage play in which sentiment plays a part. As far as the plan—if plan it can be called—of Mr. Gilbert's work goes, it would seem to be suggested by the reference to Scotch marriage law which played an important part in Mr. Wilkie Collins's *Man and Wife*. The piece, however, apart from certain merely farcical passages, depends upon such a semblance of wit as can be obtained by a constant inversion of ordinary stage incidents and a constant revelation by the characters of mean and sordid motives for actions that might naturally wear a virtuous aspect. The central figure is a young man who strangely resembles the character played by Mr. Wyndham in *Brighton*, in discovering that every woman he meets is the only woman he ever loved. When he has said this several times, the fun of it gets a little worn out, as does indeed the humour of the whole thing. Most people are acquainted with the passage

in *Box and Cox* where the one, having received the answer "No" to his agonized inquiry "Have you a strawberry mark on your left arm?" exclaims, "Then you are my lost-long brother." Upon this theme Mr. Gilbert has written an elaborate exercise in three acts, and even a writer with a far lighter hand than Mr. Gilbert's might fail to keep up the humour of such an undertaking for so long a period. The joke of making everybody turn the usual sentiments of the stage into practical ridicule can hardly be sustained for more than the space of one act at most. The same kind of thing was attempted some years ago at the same theatre in *The Woman in Mauve*, and Mr. Gilbert's *Engaged* will scarcely alter the notion then suggested that the elaboration into a long play of what might be amusing enough as a short skit is not a desirable thing. Of the players employed in the representation of *Engaged*, Miss Marion Terry and Mr. Harold Kyrle are most successful in giving to the absurdities they utter an air of complete seriousness. Mr. Honey is comic as the amorous young man, but does not appear enough unconscious that he is doing or saying anything unusual.

At the Prince of Wales's after *An Unequal Match* is now given Mr. Tom Taylor's play *To Parents and Guardians*, mounted with an attention to detail which is oddly inconsistent. The costume corresponds with the date of 1820 given in the bill, but the dialogue of the piece points to a much earlier period. The fun of the piece is heavy, and the fact that it was once popular argues that theatrical taste has, in some matters at least, improved of late years. But the play has its value in providing a part for Mr. Arthur Cecil, in which he fully bears out our opinion lately expressed as to his command of feeling. Mr. Cecil's rendering of the *gentilhomme*, who is for the time being a hard-driven French usher in an English school, is in all its varying phases of outraged pride, overstrung nerves, and courageous patience, as perfect as is his French accent, and in the burst of emotion at Tourbillon's finding his daughter Mr. Cecil completes, by a climax of such pathos as cannot be resisted, the singularly poetic aspect, tragic without being dismal, that he throws over the whole part.

The lyric drama has suffered a loss which would seem to be irreparable in the lamented death of Mlle. Titiens. Gifted with a marvellous voice, Mlle. Titiens never imagined that a happy accident of nature could be an excuse for artistic indolence, and indeed nothing but unwearied industry cultivating true genius could have enabled any singer to obtain the complete and varied triumphs which she achieved. Nor did she rely alone upon the combined brilliancy and power of her singing, which was as admirable in the pathos and solemnity of oratorio music as in the music of the operatic stage. Mlle. Titiens was also an actress of such power as is seldom seen. She grasped with unerring certainty, and expressed with unflinching completeness, such widely different characters as those of the trustful, simple Marguerite, the gay and courtly Lady Enrichetta, and the cruel, haughty Duchess whose figure was the last that Mlle. Titiens represented. Perhaps the most distinguishing feature of her dramatic art was its combination of grandeur and simplicity. She seemed to form an idea, which was always just, of the effect desired, and produced it, so to speak, at a sweep, arriving by a few stately, yet passionate, gestures and expressions at the same result which players of a different temperament would attain by the accumulated effect of a variety of finished touches. In the rendering of overpowering tenderness Mlle. Titiens had to fear no rival; in that of a towering grandeur and queenly scorn she was supreme, as will be remembered by all who have been fortunate enough to see her as Norma, Lucrezia, Medea, or, to take an ungrateful character, her interpretation of which we had but a little time ago to admire, as Ortd in *Lohengrin*. It would not be difficult to tell story after story of the unvarying kindness and encouragement shown by Mlle. Titiens to younger singers. But no follower of the dramatic profession has ever had more of the honour and affection of the public than Mlle. Titiens, and it is unnecessary for us to dwell upon a subject which carries with it not a little sadness.

## REVIEWS.

### THE FINANCES OF THE CRUSADES.\*

M. HENRI LAVOIX, of the Bibliothèque Nationale, has lately published an essay on a subject hitherto unexplored, and one which offers no little interest to the curious mind. Much has been written on the Crusades, from Joinville's delightful narrative to Michaud's judicious volumes and Sir G. W. Cox's "Epoch"; but in tracing the history of those vast expeditions no one has undertaken to explain their financial arrangements. Enormous sums of money must have been required, not only for the preparatory gathering of arms and other war material, but also on the spot for the means of living and for the heavy ransoms extorted from prisoners. How were these funds procured, and from whom? And by what medium did the Crusaders traffic with the Arabic-speaking populations among whom they sojourned? A

\* *Monnaies à légendes arabes frappées en Syrie par les Croisés*. Par H. Lavoix, conservateur adjoint du département des médailles, Bibliothèque Nationale. Paris: Baer. 1877.

*Le Millarès*. Par L. Blancard, Archiviste des Bouches-du-Rhône. Marseille. 1876.

partial answer to these questions is found in the curious volume discovered by M. Lavoix among the manuscripts of the Bibliothèque Nationale, containing a large collection of letters of credit, bills of exchange, and promissory notes, executed for or by Crusaders on bankers at Genoa, Pisa, Florence, and other cities of Italy, or on their agents in Cyprus, Syria, and Egypt; and a further reply is derived from the same scholar's intelligent study of the numismatic collections of Europe, over one of which he presides.

The Crusader, whether cleric or layman, prince, abbot, or knight, was seldom a far-seeing person. He started for the Holy Land with a band of hungry retainers at his back, and scarcely enough money in his purse to carry him to the shores of the Mediterranean. Discovering that the good fight for the faith could not be pursued without something of the mammon of unrighteousness, he would betake himself on the way to some friend or banker, and on the security of his lands raise the money necessary for the hire of the ship that was to convey him and his contingent to Palestine, and for the purchase of provisions for the voyage. No sooner was he at his destination than the vanity of human hopes was again forcibly demonstrated to him by the emptiness of his treasury and the rebellion of his unpaid soldiers. The remedy, however, was more easily attained than the unenlightened reader of the history of the Crusades might imagine. In Palestine there existed every facility for raising money by paper obligations, which show, both in their forms and their results, that the imprudence of our ancestors and the shrewdness of the forefathers of the authorities of Queer Street were worthy of their posterity. Numerous firms of Italian bankers had agents in the Holy Land and Egypt; and the Knights Templars and Hospitallers were the chief cashiers of the Crusades—a responsible position which they maintained with the utmost honour and honesty. Each great prince had his special banker, who would cash any paper bearing his patron's name; and most knights carried introductions to some firm or other that would furnish the much-needed supplies. Sometimes specie was sent out by hand from home; but, as a rule, recourse was had to these bankers. There were several forms of promissory contracts. The mediæval bill of exchange was not common; but instances like the following are noted by M. Lavoix:—

A. 1207. Simon Rubens bancherius fatetur habuisse L. 34 denarium Januæ ex denariis 32 pro quibus W<sup>mo</sup> bancherius ejus frater debet dare in Palermo marcas octo boni argenti illi qui ei dabit hanc cartam."

More usually a letter of credit was carried by the Crusader from the person in charge of his estates, or was sent out by some man of high position at home. Thus the Bishop of Paris, Maurice de Sully, hearing on trusty authority of the distress of certain valiant knights fighting for Holy Church against the Saracens, wrote a letter of credit informing all who should read it that he would repay on sufficient evidence any sums, to the amount of 800 marks, advanced to the said knights. The following is a translation of the usual form of the letter of credit; it is from Barthélemy, Dean of Arms, and is dated 1217:—

Know all, that whosoever shall advance each year to the seigneurs below mentioned, leaving for Jerusalem and bearing these presents, to wit, Baudouin de Henchin, up to the sum of 150 livres parisis, . . . etc. . . . I, to this lender or his certified delegate who shall bring me the letters affirming the obligation of the said seigneurs, will repay the sum which he shall have advanced to the said seigneurs up to the total of the values above-stated, at which the annual revenues accruing from the property entrusted to me by the said seigneurs are estimated.

But the commonest form of paper obligation was the promissory note, payable one year after date, the day being usually Easter or All Hallows, or some other great feast of the Church. The rate of interest is unknown; but the note was doubtless made out for a sum sufficiently exceeding the amount paid down to afford the banker a handsome profit. It was signed by the lender and the borrower, and endorsed by four witnesses, who were responsible in case of the failure or death of the principals. It was a common thing for the King of France to endorse his knights' promises; the knight forfeiting his lands to the Crown if he failed to pay.

Such were the means employed by the Crusaders to obtain the funds needed for their support in the East. The number of these letters of credit and notes was very considerable, and the profit to the bankers and loss to the borrowers probably immense. The soldiers of the Cross came home landless and bankrupt, whilst the Italian firms were the richest in Europe.

When, however, the Crusaders had succeeded in gaining a more permanent foothold in Syria, when Jerusalem was a Christian kingdom, and Tripoli, Antioch, and Tyre principalities governed by Western knights, with a curiously mixed population of French, English, Italians, Arabs, Turks, Greeks, and Syrians, then arose the need of a special mint for the use of the intruders; and then, too, it became necessary to devise a coinage which should commend itself not merely to the ruling races, but also to their Mohammedan subjects and those turbulent emirs who, to protect themselves against their Seljuk Suzerain of Persia, had established friendly relations with their old enemies the Franks. The easiest solution of the difficulty was to imitate the coinage of the neighbouring Fatimite Khalifs of Egypt which was then current throughout Syria. That the Franks of Tyre adopted this plan is recorded by the Arab historians, and in the museums of Europe are many curious gold pieces bearing rough imitations of the Arabic inscriptions of the originals. These the Mohammedan writers call Tyrian ("Sûri") dinars, and the Christian chroniclers name the coin besant sarracenus, in distinction from the besant sarracenus,

which is the original Fatimite coin. At Tyre, Tripoli, Acre, and Antioch, the Crusader princes issued from the old Arab mints, which were now worked by the skill and enterprise of Venetian merchants, these sarracenate besants in imitation of their Muslim neighbours, and the currency was readily accepted by the native races.

These adventurous coiners knew not the perilous position they had made for themselves. In the innocence of their hearts they had probably never thought of the impiety of issuing coins inscribed with the formulas of Islam, however indecipherable; but they were soon to learn the error of their ways. The Holy See at length understood that the Christians who had been risking their lives for the true faith were now striking coins, not only bearing the "blasphemum nomen Machomethi," but proclaiming him Apostle of God; and Innocent IV. immediately ordered a formal sentence of excommunication to be pronounced on all who should continue this impious practice. The Crusaders had now not merely to satisfy their mixed population, but a Pope as well. It was at this time, as it would appear, that the best and most fanatical of monarchs—St. Louis—came to the rescue with the suggestion that the formulas of Christianity should be substituted on the coins for those of Islam; and the mint of Acre carried out the idea. About 1250 appeared pieces wearing exactly the look of the contemporary Arab dinars and dirhems, but proving, on investigation, to present entirely different inscriptions, besides sometimes exhibiting a cross in the centre. In the place of Mohammed's eulogy they record the Trinity and the Atonement; and they date from "the incarnation of our Lord the Messiah," instead of from the flight of the Blessed Prophet from Mekka. The new coinage was a success. In spite of its open avowal of Christian doctrines, it passed current among the Muslims, while it relieved the burdened consciences of the Crusaders and soothed the scruples of the Pope. By the favourable exertions of St. Louis and Innocent, the reformed sarracenate besant enjoyed a great commercial reputation, and long continued to be a generally accepted medium of exchange in Syria. This curious chapter in the history of the Crusades has been developed by M. Lavoix with much learning and ingenuity; and his conclusions are supported by incontrovertible documentary evidence. The volume, which exhibits many specimens of letters of credit and notes, and other forms, as well as engravings of the curious coins issued at Tyre, Acre, and other places, will repay an attentive study.

A very similar instance of monetary apostasy has been recently examined by M. Louis Blancard, Archiviste des Bouches-du-Rhône, in a brilliant monograph on the Millarès. The Christian merchants of Marseilles, Montpellier, Melgueil, Pisa, and other cities of Southern France and Italy trading with the Mohammedans of Spain, Sicily, and Northern Africa, found themselves in the same difficulty as the Crusaders of Tyre, and escaped from it after a similar fashion. They issued square silver coins closely copied from those of the Almohades or Unitarians, a dynasty ruling over Andalusia, Morocco, and Algiers. These little square pieces, bearing the name and mission of Mohammed and other Arabic legends, and worth about a quarter of a franc, were exported from France in enormous numbers, as many as five million being coined at Marseilles in a year. During the sixty-seven years that the issue lasted the aggregate number of these coins struck at the various mints must have amounted to three thousand million. In this case, as in that of the besant sarracenus, the Pope got wind of the matter, and duly expressed his pious reprobation; but the particular mint which had called forth his wrath happening to belong to that excellent man, Bishop Béranger de Frédol, the reproof of the Holy Father was of course totally disregarded. The value of M. Blancard's work, like that of M. Lavoix, lies not only in the interest it offers to antiquaries, but also in the light it throws on the history of commerce in the middle ages.

#### JACKSON'S HANDBOOK TO WESTON-SUPER-MARE.\*

WESTON-SUPER-MARE is in itself not a very interesting subject for a book; but its neighbourhood would supply a good deal of matter to any one capable of dealing with a local subject in a rational manner. The place itself is a village without any particular history, which has grown into a large modern watering-place, and about which, except from a practical watering-place point of view, there is really nothing to say. But it stands in the middle of a district about which there is a good deal to say from every point of view from which a local subject can be looked at. Scenery, history, architecture, geology, and the science which comes next after geology in the stages which lead from the knowledge of the earth to the knowledge of the earth's master—the science of paleontology—all supply their votaries with abundance of food in their several lines. And the district is one which has had the good luck to have some of its points dealt with, at all events in incidental papers and lectures, by really able inquirers. Wrington church, Banwell cave, Worlebury camp, are objects which stand out among their fellows, not only in their own district, but in the country in general. Nor can any of them be said to have failed to find hands able and willing to give it the illustration which it deserves. Here then was rich material for

\* *Visitors' Handbook to Weston-super-Mare and its Vicinity.* Edited by L. E. H. J., under the superintendence of the Rev. W. Jackson, M.A. F.S.A. F.R.A.S. Weston-super-Mare: Robbins. London: Hodder & Stoughton.



a local book, great or small, of the right kind. A history of Weston-super-Mare would not be a long story; but a history of Worle, Woodspring, Banwell, Wrington, Congresbury, Yatton, and the islands of the Channel, would illustrate not a few important pages of natural science, of English history, and of English art. But such a work, like all works of the kind, would call at once for knowledge and for discretion. Now the author or authors of the little book before us have so little discretion that it becomes a secondary question whether they have much knowledge or not. What may be the exact process which is meant when we are told that the book is "edited by L. E. H. J., under the superintendence of the Rev. W. Jackson," we should not have ventured to guess if Mr. Jackson had not gone on to explain. Mr. Jackson superintends what L. E. H. J. edits. But editing implies some pre-existing matter to edit; and, in a note to the preface, we learn that the pre-existing matter was an older Weston Guide, of which "humble origin" Mr. Jackson's "earliest sheets retain traces." It seems that Mr. Jackson first designed that "the facts should be found by himself, and that his daughter should give them form and language." Gradually however the daughter's share in the work grew less and the father's grew greater. At last a state of things came which is thus described:—

Hence it has come to pass that I am responsible for the conclusions stated concerning matters of pre-historic archaeology, and on certain disputable theories suggested by our examination of the buildings and natural curiosities of the neighbourhood.

We may then, we think, fairly dismiss the original humble Guide, and the editing of Mr. Jackson's daughter, and keep ourselves to the work of Mr. Jackson himself in his character of superintendent. It is clearly the superintendent with whom we have to deal in all the remarks which we are likely to make.

The main thing which distinguishes the result of Mr. Jackson's superintendence is the wonderful and irrepressible flow of words with which Mr. Jackson seems ready upon every subject. It is not merely that he can be as fine on a ribbon as on a Raphael. He is ready to be fine on either ribbon or Raphael, even though neither ribbon nor Raphael would seem to any other mind to have the faintest connexion with the subject in hand. Mr. Jackson, if we are not strangely mistaken, has been Bampton Lecturer at Oxford. Unless he can stick more closely to his subject in his sermons than in his handbook, he must surely have given the University a whole *Summa Theologiae*.

We must decline then to follow Mr. Jackson so far from Weston-super-Mare and its vicinity as he seems to invite us to travel. A reasonable amount of etymology, both Celtic and Teutonic, is not out of place in discussing a district which lies close on one of the successive frontiers of the Briton and the West-Saxon. But we cannot spread the vicinity—in our lowlier English speech, the neighbourhood—of Weston-super-Mare so far as to take in discussions on the Accadian, South African, and North American languages. We should not have looked in that vicinity for an explanation of the exact force of a Mexican word which we do not presume to copy, but which takes up more than half a line of small print. We thoroughly agree with Mr. Jackson's recommendation of Professor Rhys's *Lectures on Welsh Philology*; only we should have thought that they had placed Professor Rhys beyond the stage of being patted on the back by Mr. Jackson. Within the vicinity of Weston-super-Mare we must decline to go through scraps from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, or through Mr. Jackson's "résumé from an American paper," about modern miracles in France. And when Mr. Jackson suggests that Professor Max Müller might speak of "the Science of Comparative Devotion," we might remind him that the Professor actually has published an *Introduction to the Science of Religion*. We do not know that at Weston-super-Mare and its vicinity there is any special need, such as there is at Bath or Wells, to discuss the difference between cathedral churches held by monks and by canons—unless indeed Mr. Jackson believes in Bishops of Congresbury, and is anxious to settle the exact constitution of their church. According to Mr. Jackson, "The first question to be asked about a cathedral by real students is, 'Did it belong to the ordinary or the monkish clergy?'" The "real student" might perhaps be tempted first to ask of Mr. Jackson what kind of beings are to be understood by "the ordinary clergy." Mr. Jackson goes on to tell us about "a thirteenth century MS. now in the Cotton Library," which gives a list of the secular cathedral churches. Among these London is naturally named, on which Mr. Jackson thinks it necessary, for the instruction of the visitors to Weston-super-Mare, to explain that by London is meant St. Paul's. Then comes something very mysterious about Culdees at Dublin, whether at monastic Christchurch or at secular St. Patrick's he does not tell us. Mr. Jackson adds:—

In Wales, the MS. describes only Abbeys and Priors; and indeed monastic influence had much to do with the subjection of that high-spirited and enthusiastic country.

It is plain then that Mr. Jackson never heard of the secular churches of St. David's, Llandaff, Bangor, and St. Asaph. If Mr. Jackson had kept himself within the vicinity of Weston-super-Mare, he need not have displayed his ignorance of one of the most obvious facts in the ecclesiastical history of Britain. Or rather, as lawyers assure us that Glamorgan and Monmouth are, notwithstanding the Bristol Channel, adjacent counties to Somerset, Llandaff might be held to come within the vicinity of Weston-super-Mare, and Mr. Jackson might be reasonably expected to know something about it.

So much for the Bampton Lecturer turned topographer, when

he deals with things which his subject in no way called upon him to deal with. He is not much more lucky when he comes into the vicinity of which he professes to treat. First of all what is the general character of that vicinity? Mr. Jackson sets it down as "notable, that many Teutonic appellations are found in this vicinity." Mr. Jackson would very likely have made the same remark in Kent or Norfolk; he is one of those persons who have that strange gift of missing the point of everything which they write about. The notable thing, of course, is, not that there are many Teutonic appellations in the vicinity, but that there are some Celtic appellations. In the same page (260), he mentions Crook's Peak, one of the most prominent points of Mendip; but he does not see that here is the case of a Celtic appellation coupled with what we cannot call a Teutonic appellation, but still an appellation which has become English in use. The same page suggests some questions as to Mr. Jackson's personal ethnology; for there it appears that he had "Saxon fathers," while in p. 82 he had "Celtic forefathers." To be sure he speaks of the "poverty, simplicity, and savagery" of these last; but whether he asserts or denies these qualities on their part, we are not sure. About Worle or Worlebury Mr. Jackson has naturally a vast deal to say, including of course a vast deal which has nothing to do with Worle or Worlebury. Still we could thank even Mr. Jackson if he could persuade Sir John Lubbock to add that wonderful hill-fortress to the list of things in Britain which are worth keeping. Mr. Jackson hopes that "a goodly volume may be printed on Worlebury." So do we, if some really sensible and scholarlike inquirer would take it in hand. But when Mr. Jackson adds that "there exist materials for at least one stout octavo," we tremble at the thought of a possible stout octavo filled with that kind of talk about Worlebury of which Mr. Jackson has already given us many pages. On the name Worle he has a great deal to say, though it does not come in the account of Worlebury. In page 168 Mr. Jackson quotes himself in the third person to show that the name of Worle has something to do with Worth, Worthlea, and Worley. He does show some grounds for thinking that the name Worle was sounded as two syllables, like Worley. Otherwise one would be tempted to think that Worle was a contraction, as its neighbour *Wearly-all-hill* at Glastonbury is a pulling out to make a meaning of the word, whatever its origin, which gave its name to the *Wirhael* of Chester. All alike are or were promontories. Only Worle appears in Domesday as it is now spelled, which is against such a view.

Wrington, Mr. Jackson truly tells us, is "Weritone in Domesday." "The manor," he adds, "was conveyed to Glastonbury before the conquest." This might set us looking for some document in *Codex Diplomaticus*; but most likely all that Mr. Jackson means is that Wrington appears in Domesday as a possession of Glastonbury. He gets to Banwell, he gets to Congresbury, seemingly without a notion of the history of Harold and Gisa. On the other hand, when he gets to the Holms, Steep and Flat, he talks about "Gytha, the mother of Harold the Great"—an honorary title, which, as far as we know, is of Mr. Jackson's own conferring. Gytha is further exalted to be a "Queen mother"; and we are particularly warned not to confound her with her granddaughter. Elsewhere (p. 121) Mr. Jackson speaks of the "motto adopted by another great Saxon family—'Godwyn win all'—which meant in its original purity that 'the man beloved of God is the winner of all things.'" This is a little dark; but it sounds very much as if Mr. Jackson thought, first, that Godwine was a surname; secondly, that the feminine *Godwyn* was the right way to spell it; and thirdly, that the name means "beloved of God." After this, it is not wonderful that Mr. Jackson calls the Steep Holm the "Steep Holmes"—a local vulgarism akin to that which sounds Weston-super-Mare as if the last word meant *equa*. Presently he gets to Hutton, which belonged to Bishop Geoffrey of Coutances, and so we are carried off to the rebellion against William Rufus and to the defence of Worcester by St. Wulstan. We cannot help quoting the rest of the note; it is so characteristic of Mr. Jackson's way of running from one thing to another:—

It is noteworthy that the garrison of Worcester was animated by the heroic Bishop Wulstan, who so nobly strove to suppress that early disgrace of Bristol—the slave trade, of which the wretched victims belonged at that time to the Saxon race. Bishop Geoffrey has been mistakenly credited with the existing graceful Cathedral of Coutances, over the date of which French and English architects long disputed. This Church belongs, however, to the next century, as is now generally admitted; and the first use of the early pointed style (called in our country, Early English) has been successfully claimed for England. We may refer particularly to Mr. Parker's able account of Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln, usually called St. Hugh. This prelate was connected with Somersetshire. He was born at the Castle of Avalon, near Grenoble, then a part of the German empire, and came over to take charge of the Carthusian Monastery of Witham, the church of which (built at that period) is of a purely Somerset style. He erected the choir at Lincoln, but part of his work was crushed by a fall of the great tower. At Oxford (then in the diocese of Lincoln) St. Giles' Church belongs to his time, and also probably the Chapter House at Christ Church. He was the Bishop who compelled the nuns of Godstow to cast out the bones of Fair Rosamond, sorely against their will. The biography of Bishop Hugh has been prolific in results. It has assisted the best authorities in France as well as England to the conclusion that pointed architecture (commonly called Gothic) must be reckoned entirely an English not a French invention. This conclusion is of great interest to us here; since, as we have observed in our Church-hunts, the beautiful Perpendicular of Somerset owes much of its surpassing elegance to the first or Early English style.

When a man has got so far as to know that St. Hugh was born

Imperialis ubi Burgundia surgit ad Alpes  
Et condescendit Rhodano,

but at the same time has got no further than the stage of talking about "the German empire," there is simply no hope for him. But that the victims sold at Bristol were most likely "of the Saxon race" is what one who remembers that Gloucester is really Saxon as well as Somerset will hardly take upon him to deny. Mr. Jackson comes back to the subject to moralize in an appendix note:—

"Saxon race." Authorities are given by Sever, vol. I. 319-22. Pagan Saxons exercised this tyrannical cruelty over the subdued Celts, and now Christian Saxons sold their own kindred in slavery to Celtic Ireland, whither youths and maidens were shipped from the English port of Bristol. A century later, Irish slave holding was one of the reasons alleged for conquering Ireland, "and thus the whirligig of Time brings in his revenge."

May we be spared any "stout octavos" on Worlebury or any other West-Saxon subject from the hand of Mr. Jackson!

### THIRTY YEARS AFTER.\*

BY way of title, *Thirty Years After* reminds one of *Vingt ans après*, though it would be difficult to mention two offshoots of romanticism more unlike one another than the elder Alexandre Dumas and Berthold Auerbach. Nor is the brief series of village tales now before us a mere continuation in the ordinary sense of the term. They connect themselves with certain earlier Black Forest stories by the same author, partly as sequels of the more common kind, partly as interwoven with reminiscences of old favourites, after a fashion sufficiently familiar to readers of Balzac and Thackeray, or of Mr. Anthony Trollope. Now this is a fashion which, as we think, the admirers of any one of these three novelists would be ready to allow may be driven too far. Fully to remember the antecedents of Balzac's *dramatis personæ* required powers which would have sufficed for getting by heart the *Almanach de Gotha*. Thackeray never pleased his readers better than when in his last, unhappily unfinished, novel he abandoned a practice which he had too liberally indulged of returning upon himself; and even Mr. Trollope's readers may be supposed to have satiated their curiosity as to the sayings and doings of the Duchess of Omnium. At any rate it needs the instincts as well as the experience of a true artist to give new power to the best-established device. Berthold Auerbach, whose very name seems to carry us a generation back, but who has during the interval been constantly before the reading world, has never wholly abandoned a use of the resources in which lies his best strength. But in once more seeming to throw himself wholly upon them, he is too genuine a master of his art to seek to offer, towards the close of a literary career of all but uninterrupted success, mere first-fruits or even last first-fruits. If he now takes us back among the scenes and even among some of the figures of his early fictions, it is not with the intention of asking his readers to sentimentalize with him over the long-ago. Neither, again, is his purpose that of a mere contrast between what was and what is, a mere translation into narrative of the reflection that many things change in the course of a generation, and that the railway and the electric telegraph possess a symbolical as well as a practical significance. Though here and there his hand may betray the effects which thirty years are apt to exercise upon artist as well as workman, yet he has not returned from the heights and out of the depths to his placid native village-scenery in order to tell or illustrate mere truisms, in however pleasingly familiar a form. In none of the numberless touches of detail by which he once more makes us at home among his Black Forest villagers is his power more evident than in the clearness of the general conception underlying these idyls of our own day. The text upon which these homely illustrations are brought to bear is indeed, in one sense, as homely as themselves; and yet both text and illustrations come before us with irresistible force and freshness.

Thirty years change much, spoil much, improve much. For Germany—and for that little corner of it to which we return with Herr Auerbach, together with the rest of the country—the thirty years here in question ending in our own days have been a period of mighty national achievement and of real popular progress. They have seen the establishment beyond the Atlantic of a great emigration, which has itself taken part as a definite element in a great process of historic growth. When an American settler, the son of a former villager, returns to the home of his fathers, the schoolboys indeed cry in the village streets "An American is coming! an American is coming!" but their curiosity is only that of ordinary excitement, "for there is hardly any one in the village without relatives in the New World." Emigration has lost its illusive charms. "I must tell you, many come back nowadays from America, single men, and whole families," and not all of these are welcome like the hero of the tale. Meanwhile, at home the same thirty years have witnessed the steady growth of popular education, and with it the beginnings of easier relations between class and class. Certain fundamental distinctions still remain in village society, such as that between peasants who plough with

oxen and those who plough with horses; but the sons of the poorest parents can give lessons in dictation to their elders, and may themselves be trained to fitness for associating with members of the upper classes and eventually falling in love with their daughters. The railway has established a closer connexion between town and country; travellers drop Bedeker on the line, and by less fortuitous methods bring a knowledge of the great world outside into the little village. The telegraph-wires have been planted, and a village maiden is the duly appointed local telegraphist. But it needs neither telegraph nor newspaper to bring home to the villagers the great events of their times. To the returning American it is a matter of astonishment that on a post outside the village should be inscribed, with the name of the village and the municipal district and circle to which it belongs, the number of the Landwehr-division in which its men are enrolled. On his railway journey he has heard men "abusing the new Germany—why, they were not able to explain to him"; in the village itself is a certain paucity of young men, but among those there are some "who wore a war-medal; they had a self-conscious bearing, and Reinhard repeatedly perceived what a change had come over every village; a rain of honour had been poured over all German lands, and life in the remotest valley is refreshed by a feeling of conscious pride. The effect of this must go further and further; for whoever has come to have a share in it must hold himself raised over coarseness and meanness." And if the new times, with their triumphs and their demands for sacrifices, have also brought their new problems, these are not mere phrases in the ears of the villagers; and the old miller who compliments the travelled painter on his experience of the world, and contrasts with it his own quiet lot ("there the carriages run past, Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Zürich, written upon them—the whole world runs past one there on the railroad, and I sit still"), after telling of his own ailments and how all the doctors know nothing, inquires of his visitor whether, in his opinion, the Emperor will get the better of the Pope:—

Reinhard looked up with astonishment to see how far the political and ecclesiastical movement had penetrated, but he was under no necessity of making an answer. For the miller asked a question without waiting for a reply; indeed he remarked that he hoped to live long enough to see all monastic foundations abolished, in which case his brother's daughter too would come back, who, instead of marrying, had gone into a nunnery with her fine property.

Thus, and in a thousand other ways, the new times with their new interests have brought their changes with them; but they have not changed what is most truly characteristic in the people, just as the most manifold experiences of an individual life do not change what is most truly characteristic in a man or woman. And between the two extremes of the comparison lies the family, whose members are so alike to, and yet so different from, one another, as generation succeeds to generation. Thus, to the sympathetic observer, the humours of family and of community are as well worth noting in 1875 as in 1845; *jodeln* may be going out, and there is not a village in which the sounds of the piano may not be heard; but the old songs are not forgotten, the poetry of the people still springs up from the same perennial sources, and the deepest interests of its life are still associated with the same themes.

It is needless to say more to indicate Auerbach's general treatment of the subjects he has chosen for his new village stories in connexion with the scene and the time in which they are laid. No happier use, we repeat, could have been made of what may at first sight appear a well-worn device; and no truer poetry was ever drawn from the simple materials to which the idyl has always specially loved to resort. Though the three stories before us are not, in our opinion, equally successful as such, yet as pictures of rustic life and as sketches of real character they are all equally worthy to be placed side by side with the old favourites of thirty years ago; they are all equally animated with the warm breath of nature, and free not only from the slightest touch of vulgarity, but even from the prolixity to which in some of his more recent works their author had seemed to be growing prone. It is not often that a veteran author has, without becoming a mere faint echo of himself, thus revived the memory of his earliest successes; and the enthusiasm with which these little volumes have been received in Germany seems to us thoroughly legitimate. We are glad to find that they have been translated into English, and are now offered to the public in conjunction with the earlier tales to which they are respectively sequels.

Among the three stories of the present series few readers will, we should imagine, be inclined to give the palm to the earliest, though it is a continuation (in this instance a continuation proper) of one of its author's most popular fictions. All readers of Auerbach will remember *Lorle*, and many of them have shared the author's vexation at seeing his beautiful idyl fashioned by fatally experienced hands into a successful melodrama. In the present instance we observe that the right of dramatic adaptation is "reserved," and we are sorry to be obliged to add that there are elements in "Des Lorle's Reinhard" not altogether devoid of the sensationalism of the modern stage. The painter Reinhard, from whom, as will be remembered, the wife whom he had taken from her native village had fled in despair at her inability to become a fitting wife to him, in the present story returns, a famous but heartsick man, to visit the grave of the solitary sufferer, and in remorseful remembrance of her to live out the remnant of his own life. But his artistic nature has in it more vitality than he knows; and in the midst of his mourning he is overtaken by love for another peasant maiden—poor Lorle's adopted child Malva.

\* Nach dreissig Jahren. Neue Dorfgeschichten von Berthold Auerbach. 3 vols. Stuttgart. 1876.

*Lorley and Reinhard*. By Berthold Auerbach. Translated by Charles T. Brooks. Stuttgart. London: Dulau & Co. 1877.

*Aloys the Clerk and Aloys the American*. By Berthold Auerbach. Translated by Charles T. Brooks. Stuttgart. London: Dulau & Co. 1877.

*The Convicts and their Children*. By Berthold Auerbach. Translated by Charles T. Brooks. Stuttgart. London: Dulau & Co. 1877.



Nothing could be more charming than the picture of Malva, all freshness, purity, and good sense; and the growth of the painter's autumn passion is drawn with delicacy and fidelity to nature. But the subject is a difficult one to render agreeable, and an impossible one to render altogether attractive; and although it is hard on poor little Malva, Reinhard's death at the close of the volume, on the very eve of his second marriage—a death which may certainly be described as “sensational”—will not, we fear, strike many readers as an altogether unwelcome incident. Reinhard's philosophical friend, the collaborator of the old story, likewise reappears on the scene, a well-drawn representative of the German man of science in *partibus*; but the main interest of the story lies in Malva and her reminiscences of Lorie, and in the surrounding details of the village-life.

The two remaining stories are each, in its way, altogether delightful. “The Tolpatsch from America”—a Tolpatsch is one whose fingers are all thumbs—is of course the son of our old friend the Tolpatsch of Auerbach's very first Black Forest sketch. The elder Aloys, it will be remembered, was the unluckiest of mortals so long as he remained in his native land. He was the butt of the village, but his good nature would have carried him victoriously through all, had he not carelessly fallen in love with that desperate flirt Marannele. To prove himself equal to the most vainglorious of his rivals, he had forced rather than found his way into the army; but the effort had been futile. Marannele had been led astray by his rival, and so he had emigrated to America. From America, where he had married and prospered, his son now returns to seek a wife in his father's old village. With the best of introductions and the fairest of prospects, he has but one paternal injunction to obey—to marry wherever he chooses; if possible, the daughter of his prosperous kinsman Ivo—but not to marry any daughter of Marannele, if she has such. Of course Marannele has a daughter; and of course the young Tolpatsch—who, however, is the very reverse of a Tolpatsch, though people will insist on calling him by his father's old nickname, and a free American citizen and a thoroughly honest fellow to boot—falls in love with young Marannele, as true and tender a maid as her poor mother was false and fickle. Thus arises the not very alarming complication of young Aloys's story, which in the end his good-natured father solves by spontaneously revoking his prohibition. But if the interest in the plot is not very intense, there is plenty of room in its development for scenes of true humour and pathos, and young Marannele is one of the sweetest and freshest of the entire range of Auerbach's creations of the class. Young Aloys's honest German heart deserves the prize, and the author has shown genuine skill in the way in which he has drawn an American-German, proud of the new country, but clinging to the old, and equally worthy of both. As a foil we have the drunken adventurer whom the villagers call Ohlreit, in mimicry of his constant use of an idiom which certainly in Germany is supposed to be as characteristic of English-speaking races as another not equally quotable one we hope no longer continues to be. Ohlreit, or All-right, finally hangs himself; but there is no forcing of dramatic justice in this or any other incident of this admirable tale.

Finally, the story of “The Nest on the Line” is an idyl with a moral; but with a moral so touching in its fidelity to what is best in human nature, and worked out with so much simplicity and grace, that no one will resent such didactic purpose as it possesses. The “nest” is one of those little houses on the railway in which abroad signalmen are permanently quartered, with the duty of supervising the reach of line between their own and the next official tenement of the same kind. Here dwell with their children Jacob and Magdalena—the secret of whose lives is known to readers of the tale of *Die Sträflinge* (*The Convicts*). Jacob's crime was manslaughter, under circumstances which, in the eyes of the reader at all events, were extenuating; Magdalena was innocently condemned. In the tranquillity of their retreat, which arduous toil and mutual love have converted into an enviable home, they bring up a numerous family of children, whom they strive to keep in ignorance of their own bitter past. It will be guessed how, at the critical moments of the story, they prove unable or unwilling to do so; but Heaven gives them kind friends, against whom and the results of their own uprightness prejudice and malice prove impotent. Their children, with the exception of the eldest, whose mind is poisoned by early suspicion and innate selfishness, are all made happy; but, with much tact, the author tempers the rosiness of the view of society which the general course of the story suggests by further introducing a fair proportion of calamity in the shape of death. The general effect of the story, however, remains, to use a German expression, singularly *wohlthuend*; and though the most successful sons of the most virtuous signalmen cannot, even in the year 1875, generally expect to marry the granddaughters of Conservative ex-Ministers, still less paragons like Theodor, yet there is no glaring improbability even in this crowning reward of an honest struggle against the injustice of fate. The details of the story are full of gentle humour; and though it is no secret that the ways of female society are in some respects essentially the same in all its spheres, this is illustrated in a novel way by the relations between signal-house No. 374 and its next neighbours up and down the line:—

“It is fortunate that one cannot see in people's faces all they have gone through,” was the frequent remark of the merry, but likewise crafty, neighbour down the line at 373, and she carried on as if she were well acquainted with the past of Jacob and Magdalena, and were only silent about it for modesty's sake.

“The Lord be thanked and praised that He graciously beholds what passes in our inmost hearts,” said the pious neighbour up the line at 375.

Mrs. 373's honest name is Mrs. Sweet (Süss), and this could easily be turned into Mrs. Vinegar. Her husband had formerly been a non-commissioned officer, and she lady's maid to the colonel's wife. Mrs. Sweet was not really a bad woman; for can one call it bad for a woman to know, and let all the world know, that she is the handsomest and cleverest, and alone deserves to be made much of; and that all other women are ugly, and clumsy, and hardly worth a look?

Mrs. 375's honest name is Maier; but, when you once had Vinegar, it was not difficult to find Oil to match; and in fact there is something oily in this woman. She is the daughter of a messenger in the Consistory, and affects an unctuous piety, which even the faithful pastor of the village fails to satisfy; but unfortunately she rarely has time to attend the prayer-meetings in the town. Her husband had met with an accident as guard to a train that went off the rails; formerly he had not taken much trouble about religion, but now he is agreed with his wife, only he lacks her zeal for making converts; he is fond of reading the missionary journals, and every year gives a contribution for the conversion of the savages and heathens.

Mrs. Vinegar had a very keen eye for all human beings; only one person excepted, and this was herself. Mrs. Oil, on the other hand, was quite childlike in her praise and blame of others; she gladly confessed that she had no knowledge of men and women, but that she knew one person very well, and was very discontented with that person, and this was herself.

We observe that Herr Auerbach, towards the close of this story, introduces a most cordial tribute of recognition to the merits of the recently deceased Low-German humorist Fritz Reuter. It was a generous thought to do so; but in any case his own laurels are secure, and the book before us adds only another testimony to the fact that he well deserves to be what he indisputably is—in every sense one of the most popular of modern German writers.

#### FRENCH BALLADS.

THE French *Livre des Ballades* is a very different sort of collection from any that in England would be called a Book of Ballads. By that term we understand either popular songs of unknown authorship, which for the more part have reached us through oral tradition, or modern imitations of these performances, like Scott's *Lee of St. John*, or any simple story told in simple strains. Victor Hugo has used the French word more or less in the second signification, and his *ballades* are nothing less than *ballades* in the technical acceptance of the word. In France indeed the term *ballades* was lately in danger of coming to have the same loose denotation as that which “ballad” enjoys in England. Anything might be called a *ballade*, though it was no more popular than Victor Hugo's artistic songs, and no more restrained by ancient and arbitrary rules than Alfred de Musset's verses to the Moon. Probably M. de Banville has done as much as any one, by precepts contained in his *Petit Traité de Poésie Française*, and by examples, as in his *Trente-six Ballades Joyeuses*, to recover for the old word its original meaning, and to make the *ballade* once more the thing that Froissart wrote and that Du Bellay condemned.

The French *ballade* is a flower native to the soil. It is not the least elaborate, and it is perhaps the most valuable, of the many arrangements of metres and rhymes which the poets of the North busied themselves in inventing. The rules have lately been expounded and explained more than once in popular periodicals, and English examples of the *ballade* have been published by Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Austin Dobson, and other writers. It can hardly be superfluous, however, to abridge the canons of Henri de Croi, first printed in 1493, at the end, that is to say, of a century in which the *ballade* was most popular. De Croi names three species of this metrical exercise—*ballade commune*, *ballade balladante*, and *ballade fratricide*. The common *ballade* alone occupies us here. It ought to have three stanzas, each ending with the same refrain, and an *envoi* of half the length of the stanza. “If the refrain has eight syllables, the ballad should consist of stanzas of eight lines. If the refrain has nine syllables, each stanza should have nine lines,” and so on. Thus, to take an English example, Mr. Dobson's *Ballad of the Prodigals* ends each stanza with the refrain “Give, ah give us, but yesterday,” a line of eight syllables, wherefore the stanza consists each of eight lines, and the *envoi* of four. But this is a rule of almost needless minuteness, like that which requires that the *envoi* should begin with the word *Prince*, *Reine*, and so forth. As to the rhymes, in a stanza of eight lines they are merely crossed; in stanzas of nine lines and more they follow in a more complicated arrangement. The most difficult and most essential rule, however, is that which requires each stanza of eight lines to go in but three rhymes, which rhymes must be preserved all through the *ballade* without repetition of a rhyming word. As an illustration we may quote from the collection before us a poem of the unfortunate Albert Glatigny, the

#### BALLADE DES ENFANTS SANS SOUCI.

Ils vont pieds nus le plus souvent. L'hiver  
Met à leurs doigts des mitaines d'onglée.  
Le soir, hélas, ils soupent du grand air,  
Et sur leur front la bise échevelée  
Gronde, pareille au bruit d'une mêlée.  
A peine un peu leur sort est adouci  
Quand avril fait la terre consolée.  
Ayez pitié des Enfants Sans Souci.

• *Le Livre des Ballades*. Soixante Ballades Choieses. Paris: Lemerre.

Ils n'ont sur eux que le manteau du ver  
Quand les frissons de la voûte étoilée  
Font tressaillir et briller leur œil clair.  
Par la montagne abrupte et la vallée  
Ils vont, ils vont. A leur troupe affolée  
Chacun répond : "Vous n'êtes pas d'ici ;  
Prenez ailleurs, oiseaux, votre volée."  
Ayez pitié des Enfants Sans Souci.

Un froid de mort fait dans leur pauvre chair  
Glacer le sang, et leur veine est gelée.  
Les cœurs pour eux se cuirassent de fer,  
Le trépas vient. Ils vont sans mausolée  
Pourrir au coin d'un champ ou d'une allée,  
Et les corbeaux mangent leur corps transi  
Que lavera la froide giboulée.  
Ayez pitié des Enfants Sans Souci.

## ENVOI.

Pour cette vie effroyable, filée  
De mal, de peine, ils te disent : merci !  
Muse comme eux, avec eux exilée,  
Ayez pitié des Enfants Sans Souci.

Amateur poets, who but rarely succeed in writing a sonnet in accordance with the strict rules of the game, will observe that a *ballade* is not an easy exercise. It is difficult to discover anything as to the origin of this complicated arrangement of rhymes. M. Asselineau thinks, with M. Anatole de Montaignon, "that the ancient French rhythms were measured and fashioned on musical airs for song and the dance." This is probably true, but it is no less true that popular songs, from the lay of Nausicaa to the ball-songs of the women of the South Sea Islands, and the "rounds" mentioned by Gawin Douglas, were intended to be accompaniments of the dance and the ball-play. Yet popular songs are notably careless and even impatient of complicated rhymes. Assonance serves their turn, or the light cadence of the Rhodian Song of the Swallow. The inventive ingenuity of a generation of trouvères must have gone to the making of the French *ballade*.

Is this ingenuity thrown away? is the *ballade* scarcely a better expression of sentiment than the egg-shaped and mirror-shaped arrangements of lines which have delighted metrical triflers. At the worst, we may say in its defence that it is a shape of song which appeals to the ear. There are perhaps moments of sentiment and of poetical thought which the *ballade* expresses with happy fitness. A poet broods, let us say, on an idea till it shapes itself into a musical line, and haunts him, as if it were the *mot d'énigme* of some aspect of life. Opening the *Livre des Ballades* at the beginning we find Froissart's "Je voi assés, puisque je voi ma dame." It is the formula, as it were, of the chivalrous and amorous existence. Guy de la Trémouille, guard of the Oriflamme in 1383, a good knight who died in 1398, has his recurring sentiment also—

En ciel un Dieu, en terre une Déesse.

These lines then are used as refrains, and on their fitness, closing each stanza with a summing up of the whole matter, much of the value of the *ballade* depends. To get a good *refrain* is no small part of the battle. Then the interlaced rhymes, replying and repeating from the first line of the first stanza a faint echo to the sonorous answer of the *refrain* in the *envoi*, are apt for the introduction of variations and of illustrations of the original theme. The variations may be sad or gay; the illustrations were chosen, by the early French poets, from the tale of Troy, and from the histories of the Nine Worthies. Even more than in the sonnet, it was and is hard to find a thought which exactly filled the space, and the temptation to let rhymes suggest ideas was doubly strong. Thus there have been many Villons in ballad-making, few Villons in successful attempts.

The *ballade* has had three periods of life. In the fourteenth century it offered a field to the ingenuity of Froissart, Eustache Deschamps, and Charles d'Orléans. Then Villon used its refrains to bring in his eternal note of remorse or of mockery. Clement Marot produced one *ballade* with a double refrain, so airy in its malicious ease that it is still a model of satirical verse:—

## FRÈRE LUBIN.

Pour courir en poste à la ville  
Vingt fois, cent fois, ne sçay combien ;  
Pour faire quelque chose vile,  
Frère Lubin le fera bien ;  
Mais d'avoir honneste entretien,  
Ou mener vie salubre,  
C'est à faire à un bon chrestien,  
Frère Lubin ne le peut faire.

Pour mettre (comme un homme habille)  
Le bien d'autrui avec le sien,  
Et vous laisser sans croix ni pile,  
Frère Lubin le fera bien ;  
On a beau dire le tien,  
Et le presser de satisfaire,  
Jamais ne vous en rendra rien,  
Frère Lubin ne le peut faire.

Pour desbaucher par un doux stile  
Quelque fille de bon maintien  
Point ne faut de vieille subtilité,  
Frère Lubin le fera bien.  
Il presche en bon théologien,  
Mais pour boire de belle eau claire,  
Faites la boire à votre chien,  
Frère Lubin ne le peut faire.

## ENVOI.

Pour faire plus tost mal que bien,  
Frère Lubin le fera bien ;  
Et si c'est quelque bon affaire,  
Frère Lubin ne le peut faire.

The best English *ballade* of the satirical sort applies this system of double refrain to the "Irish Obstructives," who, if they have done nothing else, have secured for the moment the honours of Frère Lubin. After Marot came Du Bellay and the Pleiad. The *ballade* was scouted, and the classical *ode* took its place. Late in the time of Molière, the old complication of rhymes was revived, and occupied the Vadius of the stage as it amused Bussy Rabutin. La Fontaine wrote *ballades* to Mme. Fouquet; these were answered, the poet rejoined, and the lyrical tennis was kept up with some spirit. Then the thing died out once more, and now it is common enough in French journals, and in the collections of poetasters. Is it worth transplanting into English? Probably not, for any purpose of high poetry. But the scribblers who pour out blank verse and rhyming couplets by the ream might do worse than take to the toil of composing *ballades*. They would print less than they do at present, and reviewers would have a half-holiday.

## MANLEY'S NOTES ON FISH AND FISHING.\*

IN one point of view an apology was hardly needed for the publication of this work. The most attentive study of the habits of fish has left us an immense deal to learn about their ways. Some points are still the subject of animated controversy, and skilful anglers may be heard disputing as to whether fish can hear, whether they can smell, and how far their power of vision extends. There is also an essential distinction between the capture of fish and the pursuit of game on land. If the birds or the deer are there, they can be got at, in some way or other, in almost any weather; and failure may always be held to imply a certain want of craftiness or activity on the part of the sportsman. When grouse rise on the mere glimpse of a bonnet or a wide-awake as its owner tops the hill, when the sight of Ponto's tail sends partridges off acres of stubble as if by word of command, when wary black game stand out in dark relief on heathery knolls, and, when started, take wing to the adjoining parish, fair bags can still be made by driving and stalking; and even high winds and deluges of rain afford the coverts or packs no certain protection against the shooter who is a master of tactics and thoroughly knows his ground. But fish, especially the aristocratic or less coarse species such as trout or salmon, are proof against the most clever imitation, the most airy tackle, and the most delicate touch. They cannot be driven to the fly as grouse to the stone wall, and partridges to the hedge, behind which the shooters are ranged in line. No circumvention will capture the capricious *Salmo salar*, nor will any lure attract the *Salmo eriox*, if he is not disposed to rise. Flies may drop like thistledown on the water; but the March brown and the alder fly have lost their magic influence; the finest art and the clumsiest devices stand on the same footing; and if the waters are too low, or the sun too bright, or the air surcharged with electricity, or if the fish are obstinate and capricious, even though every other apparent requisite for success is favourable, Mr. Francis or Mr. Pennell may put up their rods while the water is alive around them, and may have to confess that they are as helpless as those who, according to the proverb, swear loud oaths and catch nothing, or as the veriest schoolboy who would tempt a speckled two-pounder by the help of a crooked pin and a skein of worsted. It is perhaps this mystery and this uncertainty that lend such a charm to angling. Readers of Charles Kingsley's *Life* will remember how, after being thought an accomplished fisherman, he lamented his later failures, and, characteristically, could rejoice that Providence had given cause for gratitude to some miserable curate who managed to catch the big pike that defied the rector of Eversley. In fact, the whole subject has so many aspects, and must be pursued under such different conditions in the Ouse or the Thames, the Spey or the Findhorn, the clear Scotch loch and the ornamental but weedy water, that there will never be any want of readers for authors far less qualified than the writer now before us. Add to this that fishing is comparatively a cheap pastime. A ticket in a fishing club or association bears no comparison to the expense of a partridge manor or to a share in a Highland moor. Many proprietors are ready to give a day's fishing, even to strangers, on proper application; and hotel-keepers in Scotland and Ireland endeavour to attract tourists by genuine announcements that, if they put up at the "Duke's Arms" or the "Jolly Anglers," they can have the run of loch and stream, with boat and attendance, at so much a day.

Mr. Manley is evidently a keen sportsman, a naturalist, and a well-read person. He is versed in the extant literature of his art; he has accumulated by practice a large store of materials; and he has arranged them, with tolerable sequence, under appropriate headings and chapters. Unluckily he attempts to be facetious, and occasionally seems to think that there is some inevitable connexion between sporting and slang. To apply to the capture of two pike, who somehow became locked in each other's jaws, the expressions applicable to Saul and Jonathan; to talk of a brother of the craft who weighed the fish as they were caught at the riverside as the "recording angel," is offensive flippancy. We doubt very much if Mr. Millais will be inclined to pay attention to an urgent request for a picture of a lady fly-fishing; and Sir Fitzroy Kelly is properly known by his title of Lord Chief Baron, and not by that of Lord Justice. But there is a fund of instruction in many of the chapters which the practised fisherman can compare with

\* Notes on Fish and Fishing. By J. J. Manley, M.A. London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co. 1877.



his own experiences, and from which the novice can glean hints and advice. We cannot do more than draw attention to the chapter on the literature of angling, which reviews most of the authors on the subject, from Dame Juliana Berners, the Prioress of Sopwell, near St. Albans, down to Sir H. Davy's *Salmonia* of the last generation, and the most recent Angler's Guides. But it may surprise some readers to learn that publications on angling, pisciculture, and ichthyology number five hundred or more; that there are eighty angling clubs in the metropolitan district, with something like two thousand five hundred members; that as large a number, in addition, belong to no club but fish wherever they can; while any one who loves moderate sport, in which calm contemplation and pleasurable excitement are happily combined, can hardly be at a loss where to spend a week's holiday in a radius of one hundred miles from London.

Mr. Manley has purposely omitted all notice of the salmon, and we gather from certain passages that he is more at home in the Thames Valley than in the Broma, the Spey, or the Tweed. He is candid enough to confess that he never yet saw a trout brought out of the water by "tickling," or, as it is sometimes called, by "guddling," and he appears almost to throw doubt on the fact. By tickling is meant a very simple operation known to many a lad who has not one-tenth of Mr. Manley's opportunities. When trout lie under hollow banks, or get into crevices of rocks, or under stones after a protracted drought, they can be caught by any one who has nimble fingers and who will take the trouble to bare his arm. We can produce a dozen eye-witnesses who have seen this operation performed in Scottish waters, and who have condescended to it themselves. A Thames trout, of course, which rarely rises at a fly, and, like Mr. Gladstone, will think twice or thrice about a spinning-minnow, is not to be caught in this fashion. The word tickle, by the way, does not imply any mysterious pleasure communicated to the fish by the human hand, but the cautious process by which the captor feels for the belly of the fish before clutching it just below the gills. There are scores of shepherd's sons or converted poachers who would dispel all Mr. Manley's scepticism in ten minutes. Neither can we endorse the author's condemnation of the pike, which he pronounces unfit for the table. This censure, it is true, seems to have been elicited by the capture of a solitary pike, long kept in a small pond in a garden in Devonshire, where it imbibed green and stagnant water and devoured a whole swarm of golden fish. We can state with confidence that a large pike nurtured in a Scotch loch on ducklings, wild or tame, the young of its own species, and red trout half-a-pound in weight, is a dish that might have pleased an abbot. Other writers, we may remark here, besides Mr. Manley, have spoken of the care which was formerly lavished on pisciculture, when monks and laymen fasted on Fridays; to the clear stream flowing over golden gravel, and to the choice food that made carp and perch fit for the Refectory. To make up for lack of information on the subject of the *Salmonidæ*, Mr. Manley does not disdain to discuss the habits of the smallest fry that ever amused the leisure of a schoolboy or detained him from his lesson. Minnows and sticklebacks, the bleak and the loach, combine to fill these pages. We frankly confess that we cannot descend below gudgeon and dace, the latter being good practice as a preparation in fly-fishing for the far nobler trout, and the former supplying Mr. Manley with an anecdote about a certain vicar of Thames Ditton, who was so intent on catching his favourite gudgeon that he forgot his wedding hour, and lost a fair bride in consequence, the daughter of a Bishop of London. Mr. Manley supplies us also with appropriate titles for various kinds of fish, descriptive of their peculiarities. We had, most of us, heard of the pike as the fresh-water tyrant or shark; but it is not every one who could say why the carp resembles the fox, what is the similarity between the roach and the sheep, or why the stickleback may claim to be the knight-errant of waters. There are plausible reasons assigned for all these comparisons. We are glad to find that a plea is put in for the water-ousel. That pretty bird, the companion of the fisher in many a lonely valley, is really the friend and not the enemy of trout, as it feeds not on the ova, but on the water insects by which the ova are devoured. Eels, to be found in the clearest hill stream as well as in the muddiest pond, are great pests, and regularly make meals off the spawning beds. Mr. Manley has some curious anecdotes about the longevity of certain fish and their strange tenacity of life. Carp and tench can be transported, it appears, from one place to another, in wet moss or grass, and after hours spent in a foreign element recover all their vitality. Some carp at Fontainebleau and Versailles are believed on good authority to have lived to more than one hundred years of age, and at Biebrich on the Rhine we remember some ornamental waters where, in the time of the late Duke of Nassau, a keen sportsman and preserver of all game, huge carp would come to be fed and almost take bread crumbs from the tourist's hands. The *rohita* or *rohi*, well known to Anglo-Indians, resembles the carp in habits and peculiarities, being common to Gangetic rivers and reservoirs, in which it often attains to the weight of 25 lbs. or 30 lbs.

Mr. Manley dwells with considerable perturbation on the increased wariness and high education of fish in these days, which he ascribes to their constant persecution, and to the multiplication of societies and brotherhoods and engines of various sorts intended for their destruction. He does wisely in keeping a new fishing-place, when discovered, entirely to himself. Old-fashioned ways of catching fish, coarse tackle, rough expedients, must, we agree with him, all be discarded. Nothing will answer now but the best rods, the strongest and finest gut, the most substantial reels; and

selection of materials with the most lavish expenditure will avail nothing unless to a quick eye and a sensitive hand there be added some general knowledge of the habits of all watery tribes, and that local familiarity with each stream and pool which no amount of writing or theory can ever teach. Most anglers are agreed that fish do not feel acute pain like warm-blooded animals, and this assurance, which is comforting to fishermen of humane dispositions, is borne out by instances of trout taken with artificial flies and hooks sticking in their jaws, and of jack hooked, played, and lost in the forenoon, but succumbing to a fresh bait within a few hours of their first escape. Perhaps few readers will go the length of the author, who seems to think that anglers, as a rule, are devout and religious men, though we hope sincerely that this may be the case.

But we quite agree with him in the praises which he lavishes on his favourite amusement. It brings the Cockney into close communion with nature in her loveliest aspects. It teaches patience, fertility of expedients, resignation, and cheerfulness under disappointments and mishaps. It may be practised in some shape or other for three parts of the whole year, and, though claiming no immunity for accidents, it is safer and far less expensive than hunting and shooting. In taking leave of the author we should suggest to him that he should verify his classical quotations, and that Virgil was never guilty of such a line as

*Et magnos animos in parvo corpore versant.*

The true reading, as reference to the eighty-third line of the fourth *Georgic* would have told him, is, that bees, of whom the poet is speaking,

*Ingentes animos angusto in pectore versant.*

Possibly the next time the author fishes lazily in a punt on the Thames, or tries his favourite water at Slapton Lea for pike, he may take with him a pocket edition of the classics; and we also think that his horizon would be extended and some of his conclusions modified, if, to his familiar acquaintance with the Thames Valley and Virginia Water, he were to add a little trout-fishing in the lochs and streams of Scotland and Wales.

#### THE HISTORY OF THE LITANY.\*

IT is somewhat strange that no separate account of the Litany has hitherto been published. There is no part of the Book of Common Prayer better known or more heartily loved. Not only do Churchmen value it with a special veneration, but among Dissenters fragments of it are in constant use. It is seldom that a Scotch minister can get through his duties without a quotation from it. It is often the first prayer in which a child can join, and its words are so familiar to most of us that it sometimes requires an effort of mind when one hears them to realize their meaning. It is curious therefore to note that, except among people specially acquainted with the history of ritual, the general knowledge of whence the Litany came and how it grew is extremely vague. Mr. Karlsake remarks very justly that the history of our Offices is very little known and their meaning very little understood by a large body of members of our Church. A short account of the meaning and history of litanies was given in two of the three *Primers* put forth in the reign of Henry VIII. In that of 1539, known as Bishop Hilsey's, a story is related as setting forth "the signification of this word Litany." It is the legend of Mamercus, or Mamertus, Bishop of Vienne, "what time that a terrible earthquake fell in his province." Dean Stanley wrote a paper on the Litany in *Good Words* some years ago, in which he spoke of it as "the first utterance of the English nation in its own native English tongue, calling for Divine help in that extremity of perplexity" which ensued upon the Reformation. If we are to take the Dean's words literally, they give us an eminent example of the need there is, even among educated Churchmen, of some knowledge of the history of the Prayer-Book. Portions of the older service books are often in English; and Mr. Karlsake gives in parallel columns one from an English *Primer* of 1410, and another translated into modern English from a manuscript of the ninth century. Mention of it in Latin or English occurs constantly in our history from the day when Augustine and his monks, chanting their solemn litany, marched along the shore at Ebbesfleet into the presence of the Kentish king. Among the curiosities of Elizabethan literature is a little book printed by John Wolfe in 1583, which consists of "psalms of invocation upon God" against the Spanish Armada, arranged as a Litany, and is referred to by Mr. Karlsake as an example of the adaptation of this form of prayer to occasions of peculiar national distress.

As we have it now, the Litany is founded rather upon that of Hermann than upon the old English or Saxon forms. Mr. Karlsake disappoints the reader by giving no account of this German form of prayer, although he quotes it at full length and refers to it frequently in his notes. The attempts of some of the early reformers in Germany to frame a liturgy preceded the more successful efforts of Henry and Cranmer, and form an obscure but interesting chapter in Church history. To such a book as this rather than to D'Aubigné we should naturally look for information on the subject. Luther's *Enchiridion* is one of the scarcest of books, and though the influence it exercised upon our Book of Common Prayer must have been immense, it is scarcely acknowledged by recent English writers. The idea

\* *The Litany of the English Church.* By the Rev. W. H. Karlsake. London: Pickering.

that our modern liturgy is directly descended from the Sarum and other old Uses is no doubt very fascinating; but it is like tracing a man's pedigree only on his mother's side, and omitting his paternal ancestors, to forget the part played by the great German divines in forming the mind of Cranmer, and, through him, of giving a shape to the Primers. Mr. Karslake, in his chapter on the sources from which our Litany is derived, acknowledges indirectly the great strength of this influence. If our Litany resembles that in the Sarum books the German Litany resembled it also, and both are derived from the same original. It is interesting, under Mr. Karslake's guidance, to trace the proportions in which the Sarum and the Hermann forms enter into the composition of our own. The invocations at the beginning are common to all, as are the deprecations which follow; but the latter are set out much more at length in the Hermann and the Sarum Primer than in the present book of Common Prayer. Among these are some quaint and interesting sentences, such as "Fro suden death and unavyed," which last occurs in the fifteenth-century office already mentioned. The oft-quoted petition as to "the tyranny of the Bishop of Rome, and his detestable enormities" was in the Primer known as King Henry's, and subsequently in the Prayer Books down to the edition of 1552. It is not, of course, in either Hermann's or the older English versions. The obsecrations which follow "are formed very much by a combination of what were separate clauses in earlier Litanies, as in the two Early English Litanies and that of Hermann." There are some curious variations in a manuscript at Lambeth quoted by Mr. Maskell, where we read of the "tempting of the fiend in the desert," of "Thy great patience and stillness," of "the great ache that Thou didst suffer in Thy head," of the "great weariness Thou haddest on Thy shoulder"; and a large number of petitions which Mr. Karslake might have done well to give us at length. This part of our present Litany corresponds "almost entirely with the Litany of Hermann"; and the last clause of the last petition "may have been formed after the Primer of 1535, or by a combination of four separate clauses in the Litany of Hermann."

The Intercessions are common to all. "The clergy were described by Cranmer under the names of 'Bishops, Pastors, and Ministers of the Church,' which was altered at the last revision to 'Bishops, Priests, and Deacons,' words more directly expressing the Anglican as opposed to Presbyterian notions of the Christian ministry. The clause may be an expansion of that in Hermann, founded on those of the old offices. In a very ancient form given by Mabillon we read, "Ut clerum et plebem Anglorum conservare digneris." The prayer for the clergy in another, quoted from Migne and Muratori, of a date older than 887, is very differently put, "That Thou wilt vouchsafe to preserve our Apostolic Lord in Thy holy religion," from which it would appear that the infallibility of the Pope had not been thought of by the framers. After this, in the same Litany, is an intercession for "our Lord the Emperor and the army of the Franks." This prayer for the temporal power has of course undergone the most frequent changes. In Hermann it is for perpetual victory for the Emperor against the enemies of God. In the English version it is for "verrei pees and concord" among "oure Kyngis and Pryncis." A complete series of specimens from the printed Prayer-Books would be curious. The prayer for the Royal Family is even more interesting. In 1604, as we learn from Keeling, it is for "Queen Anne, Prince Henry, and the rest of the King and Queen's Royal issue." In 1662 it is for "Queen Catherine, Mary the Queen Mother, James Duke of York, and all the Royal Family." The oddest form of all is perhaps that of the reign of George II.:—"That it may please Thee to bless and preserve *their Royal Highnesses*, George Prince of Wales, the Princess Dowager of Wales, *the Duke, the Princesses*, and all the Royal Family." This summing up of the "duke and princesses" added to the formal insertion of "Royal Highness," has a remarkably irreverent effect; but in the Primer of 1545, Henry VIII. is referred to with similar formality in a prayer for "our noble prince Edward, and all the King's majesty's children." The only children of the King then living, besides Prince Edward, had been declared illegitimate. The Duke of Richmond was dead, or it might have been held to include him. The remaining suffrages are mainly derived from Hermann, except the last, which has nothing exactly corresponding to it in any other Liturgy; but an edition of the Sarum *Hore* has mention of "remissionem omnium peccatorum negligentiarum, et ignorantiarum mearum," a phrase which may have been seen or heard by the framer of Henry's Primer, where it first occurs in English. In the Latin version of Queen Elizabeth's reign it is quite differently rendered, the three words, "sins, negligences, and ignorances" being separated by the construction of the sentence, which goes to show that the translator was not acquainted with the origin of the phrase.

Mr. Karslake devotes a chapter to the present and past use of the Litany in relation to the other offices. He points out that at its first appearance in print it was in a separate form; but that in the Prayer-Book of 1549 it was made an adjunct of the Communion Service. It was brought out in the first instance as a distinct office, and, when the book of Common Prayer was arranged, it was assigned a position quite apart from the Daily Service. This fact, as Mr. Karslake remarks, gives a complete answer to those who would impugn the construction of our offices as having in them so much of unnecessary repetition. The fault, if it be one, of the so frequent use of the Lord's Prayer, for example, is not to be justly laid to the charge of those who framed the Prayer Book. That it is now offered up five times at one service is owing to our having combined offices originally distinct. The Litany

is specially suitable as a preparation for the Communion office, but there is much to be said in favour of using it as a separate office. This Mr. Karslake oddly represents as the original idea of a Litany in ancient times, "when the celebration of the Holy Communion was regarded as a part of the whole service of the Litany, rather than the Litany as a part of the Communion Service." He seems to forget that *Leitaneia* had nothing originally to do with *Litai* (prayers), but was the duty to the State which the wealthy Athenian had to bear. At Archbishop Parker's visitation in 1570, Matins were to be done in the choir at eight o'clock; and then there is a direction for the Litany to be sung at a later hour, when all should have been placed in the choir. No doubt the Rubric after the third Collect at least implies, if it does not direct, that it should be normally united to the Morning Prayer, except when otherwise directed by the Ordinary. This instance is interesting as showing that the exception in question was not intended to be a dead letter. The separate use of the Litany was continuously the practice in Lambeth Chapel on the State Days. Mr. Karslake is, however, justified in his general summing up, when he says that

the Litany is viewed as an adjunct to the Communion office, according to the earlier mind of the Reformed English Church. According to its later view, it is regarded mainly as the conclusion and complement of the Daily Service of Morning Prayer. To obtain at least authoritative permission to use it as a separate office, was the successful effort of those who have last taken the reform in our services in hand.

#### GREEK AND LATIN PRIMERS AND PRELUDES.\*

PARENTS and guardians who have consigned the young people under their care to public or preparatory schools for another term may be grateful for the pains taken by publishing firms to expedite their studies, and to make school-books inexpensive. Whereas of old the collateral appliances of a classical education were costly and cumbrous, they are now as cheap and handy as they are manifold, and are carefully adapted to particular needs. Does a lad require a little sound and clear knowledge of law proceedings in the Attic courts, and of the distinctions between the *δαιτηται*, or arbitrators, and the *δικασται*, or popular judges, between *παράγραφη*, "a demurrer," and *πρόκλησις*, "a challenge to an accused party to offer his slaves to examination," he will find the perusal of the latter half of the fifth chapter of Mr. Mahaffy's *Old Greek Life* sufficient to post him up in the legal phraseology which might otherwise puzzle him in the private orations of Demosthenes; and, through the mastery of a few well-arranged and concisely put data, he will be able to approach classical texts which are only uninteresting when left unexplained. Of course the criterion of helps of this kind is that, however brief, they must be thorough; and the danger of them is that a quick but idle pupil will find no trouble in cramming his information from one of these primers, merely for the occasion on hand. At the same time it must be remembered that under present circumstances a boy has far greater opportunities of acquiring at school that large and varied knowledge of classical authors which enables him to compete for open and public scholarships and classes, if he has access to pocket primers for information which his fathers had to seek from quartos; and it is his own fault if he allows the facility of the present process to tempt him to slight the careful acquisition of what he ought to esteem *δίδου τε φίλον τε*. Whatever needs to be known concerning the daily private or public life of the Greeks and Romans, and concerning the boundaries and geographical divisions which separated them from each other and the rest of the world in their early days, is now readily available to the intelligent pupil; and not even the most slenderly supplied student need be at a loss for helps to understanding Herodotus or Demosthenes or Cicero, for which a generation or two ago he would have had to search the costly volumes of Baehr, the cumbrous commentaries of the *Oratores Attici*, and one or other of the not less bulky editions of Cicero, probably enshrined in a not always accessible school library. We need not, however, pursue further the theme of "Fortunatos nimium sua si bona norint." It may be a more profitable task to glance seriatim at the three Primers which head our present list; and afterwards to bestow a few remarks upon other, and for the most part minor, helps to school study which have been recently issued by various teachers as preludes to this or that department of teaching.

There are indeed in Mr. Mahaffy's Primer of *Old Greek Life* one or two symptoms of a disposition to advance rash statements which it would be difficult to substantiate by sufficient references. As, for instance, where it is said of the Greeks that, "though always warring, they were not very courageous; they often cried before a battle, and ran away as soon as it began." A still more easily controvertible statement relates to the use of the domestic cat in Greece (p. 59, § 60). This has been traced in the pages

\* *History Primers. Classical Antiquities. 1. Old Greek Life.* By J. P. Mahaffy, A.M., Professor of Ancient History in the University of Dublin. 2. *Roman Antiquities.* By Professor A. S. Wilkins, A.M., Owens College, Manchester. 3. *Classical Geography.* By H. F. Tozer, M.A., Author of "The Classical Geography of Greece." London: Macquillan & Co. 1876. 1877.

*Latin Prose Composition.* By the Rev. A. M. Wilcox, M.A. Carlisle: Thurnam & Co. 1877.

*Greek Lessons.* By W. H. Morris. London: Longmans & Co. 1877.

*A Grammar of the Words in the Greek Testament. Part I.* By the Rev. C. H. Waller, M.A. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1877.

*The Gospels Harmonized and Arranged in Short Readings.* By the Rev. Edmund Fowle. London: Bell & Sons. 1877.



of a contemporary by two scholarly naturalists to a confusion of Mr. Mahaffy's between the γαλήνη or "domesticated weasel," and the αἰλουρος, the name applied by the Greeks to a cat, such as the Egyptian cat; a confusion which might have been cleared up by Sir George C. Lewis's Paper on the Ancient Names of the Cat in *Notes and Queries* (2nd Ser. viii. Oct. 1, 1859). But, on the whole, from his thorough knowledge of his general subject, derived alike from travel and from literary research, it is undeniable that the author of *Old Greek Life* is well qualified to illustrate it with a lively and observant pen, whether he describes the Greek house or temple, public buildings and porticos, the distinctive terms of Doric, Ionic, or Corinthian architecture, the forts, walls, and harbours, or the diverse buildings, which present themselves in the course of our reading in the Greek classics. The Greek too is presented to us as he was in his meals, and at his toilet and in his dress (though we rather suspect a rash averment as to scanty ablutions), and we are taught to realize him as a light feeder, less given to butcher's meat than to fish, to butter than to olive oil, and to neat wines than to "half-and-half." Gourmandism seems to have come into vogue only in the later Greek society which Athenæus and his snatches of Greek comedy depict. We are taught, too, to form a just impression of the moderate cheapness of house property, at least before the days of such men of fashion as Alcibiades. Even Pasion, the rich banker's house, was to be had at a very moderate house rent; but then, as Mr. Mahaffy notes, the Greek life was passed very much, as we may see from Xenophon's *Œconomicus*, out of doors. Another interesting insight is that given into the condition of slaves, which was better at Athens than elsewhere, though they were still subject to arbitrary disposal of life and limb, and to the worst of traffic in the case of women and girls. A baddish horse sold for more than a good slave; and a good Spartan nurse was an A 1 market commodity, as warranted to bring up a child without swaddling-clothes and make him hardy and courageous. So, too, the boy's leader or pedagogue was mostly a slave, responsible for his escort rather than for his tuition. Physical and æsthetic teachers ranked higher than those who taught the equivalent of the "three R's"; and sophists, or professors of rhetoric and philosophy, stood highest of all. As a sample of the minute information contained in this Primer, we may quote the "Toys and Games of Children," § 51:—

Aristotle says you must provide them with toys, or they will break things in the house; and the older philosopher, Archytas, was celebrated for inventing the children's rattle. Plato complains of the perpetual roaring of younger and mischievousness of elder children. They had balls, hoops (τροχοί), swings (αἰσάται), hobby-horses, and dice, with dolls for the girls, and various animals of wood and earthenware, like the contents of our "Noah's Arks." They played Hide and Seek, Blind Man's Buff, French and English, Hunt the Slipper (αρχινοφιλάδα), the Italian "morra," and many other games which the scholiasts and Germans have in vain attempted to explain.

For grown-people there was nothing resembling cricket, but only simple ball-playing and dice-gambling. As to the games of adults, Mr. Mahaffy thinks the training of the παιχάρων would not have qualified a boxer among the Greeks to be a match for an English prizefighter, and that their training and feeding for the games made them heavy and sleepy as soldiers. The "big jump" of Phayllus of Croton—forty-four feet—was probably, he says, downhill, and with the help of artificial aids. We are a little suspicious of a lurking prejudice against his clients on the part of this Professor; and yet, if readers are on their guard against this bias, we can conceive of no handbook of a hundred pages which would furnish them with so much light upon the civil and domestic life of the Greeks.

Professor Wilkins's *Roman Antiquities* is perhaps more matter of fact and less speculative, and to that extent preferable. His chapters concerning the Roman character, the Roman's dwelling, and the Roman's daily life omit no distinctive characteristic; and the Roman house and town are mapped out and described, in the singular intermixture of temples and public structures, with crooked alleys and streets of which the upper chambers kissed each other. As for the furniture of the bettermost houses, on the marble or mosaic pavements which were a contrast to the poor man's beaten clay floors, the variety of chairs and stools is described, from the cross-legged *sella* to the wide-backed, loose-cushioned *cathedra*, and the old folks' *solium*, with elbows and foot-stool. As a rule, however, there is a trace of Greek influence in all but the plainest and simplest of Roman furniture, and not perhaps till the luxurious days of the Empire did the furniture form a large part of a family's possessions. *Apræpos* of the Roman daily life, especially the town life, we are conducted through its divisions—meals, games, and the all-important baths—with commendable exactness. The Roman bath is shown, in p. 39, to have been not unlike our so-called "Turkish" in its stages and compartments. One great feature in them was cheapness and easy accessibility. But perhaps the most interesting chapter traces the Roman family from its primary idea of the "patria potestas" in its extent and fulness; the only exception being that the State, as in the case of Fabius Cunctator's consulson making the old general dismount as he passed his lictors, could override the claims of a father's lesser authority. Very clear are the distinctions of the "nomen," "prænomen," and "cognomen," as illustrated in pp. 51-54; the tokens of higher honour to wives, as well as of higher refinement, at Rome than at Athens; the particulars of Roman schools and their severe discipline; the enormous accumulation of slaves in the Roman *familia*, divided into *urbana* and *rustica*, to be sent from the former of which

into the latter was a degradation akin to the Southerner's sending a house slave to the cotton plantations. Amongst other singular usages at Rome were those at funerals. Here is one, of which a trace seems still to linger in Sicilian customs. "Of every ancestor who had any curule office there were preserved in niches along the family atrium waxen masks [*imagines*] blackened by time, but still preserving the memory of their features. At a funeral actors were hired to wear these in procession, dressed in the robes each had worn in life, and followed by a train of lictors. It seemed as though honoured ancestors had risen to escort their descendant to the tomb." At the Forum the corpse was placed before the *rostra*, the figures in masks sat round it in a semicircle in their curule chairs, and the nearest of kin recounted the exploits of the owners of the "*imagines*" and the latest defunct, before the procession again formed and escorted the corpse to the family tomb, on one of the great roads outside the walls. Of Roman public life, and of the Roman religion, so unlike the Greek (as may be seen in the diverse attributes of Ares and Mars (or Gradivus), and of Hercules and Heracles, and other like points of interest, all the most important features will be found lucidly detailed in Professor Wilkins's concise pages.

Of Mr. Tozer's *Classical Geography* we can say little beyond commending it as quite equal in merit to either of the Primers above noticed. Its author is not only familiar with the best elucidations of ancient geography, but is also gifted with an insight and aptitude for his task which often enables him to hit on illustrations that take special hold of a pupil's memory. An excellent instance of this is the paragraph (p. 94) where he contrasts the configuration of Italy with that of Greece as affecting the development of either people. He notes the comparatively uniform sea line of Italy, with few bays, harbours, or islands off the coast, as offering scanty temptations to a maritime life; and he shows, too, how the position of Greece and Italy back to back, the outlets of the former being to the east and those of the latter westward, contributed to their independence and non-interference with each other during much of their history. Again, it is a happy reminder of the relative position of Rome's sevenfold hills that they are compared to "an open hand, the palm of which is formed by the three that lie close to the river—the Capitoline, Palatine, and Aventine; the fingers by the four that radiate from these—the Quirinal, Viminal, Esquiline, and Coelian." We could multiply similar familiar methods impressing geographical features on the student's memory, which, with the addition of accuracy and compression, make this Primer eminently valuable and suggestive.

Mr. Wilcox's *Latin Prose Composition* appears to aim at a reiteration of rules and inflexions step by step over a vast number of exercises, with preliminary instructions in grammar accommodated to the pupil's progressive needs. We suspect, however, that to boys of ordinary sharpness each step would prove unnecessarily tedious, and that it is a mistake "not to trouble beginners with the Latin order of the words." In Mr. Morris's *Greek Lessons* we commend the simple rules for the accents, according as pupils are able to bear them, and the hints given in the notes as to the *ordo verborum* which Mr. Wilcox ignores. Writing out the tenses of verbs strikes us as too rudimentary work for this kind of book; and perhaps there is a disposition in its author to make many of his exercises too easy. The "*Memoria Technica*" as to the eighteen Greek Prepositions and their several cases is, however, a piece of help which will be serviceable if laid to heart, though it may admit of doubt how far doggerel verse is easier to retain in the mind than the facts themselves in plain prose.

For the divinity student who approaches the study of the Greek Testament with little or no initiation in classical Greek, the Rev. C. H. Waller has prepared a serviceable help in his "*Grammar and Analytical Vocabulary of Greek Testament Words*," omitting everything not actually in the Greek Testament, and explaining with pains and skill its special forms and usages. In p. 28 his example of an English verb arranged after Greek moods and tenses (and we might add, voices) is a specimen of the methods by which he meets the case of his unclassical clients, as is also his declension of irregular nouns of kindred form with masculines in *as* in p. 5. In p. 25 we hardly understand how *ἐπερέκεια*, "beyond there," can be set down among the pronouns as "an irregular compound demonstrative." In Liddell and Scott it figures, like *ἐρίκεια*, as an adverb, "on yon side." Some general observations on the cases governed by prepositions, and the distinctions between *ἐνί* and *πρί* in the Greek Testament, go deeper and show research. The syntax of the article too is well explained, though succinctly.

As the last-named book is intended as a prelude to the study of the Greek Testament, so, we suspect, will Mr. Edmund Fowle's *Gospels Harmonized and Arranged* prove to that of the New Testament in English, for reading, reference, and committing to memory. It aims at a sort of synoptical record of each Gospel event with the variations of the different Evangelists in parallel columns. The author not unreasonably believes that a three or four years' learning by heart of this series of harmonized Scriptures will ensure the mastery in due time of the principal part of the Gospels; and we cannot help thinking that such a course would be conducive to the avoidance of those disgraceful failures in the "*Rudimenta religionis et fidei*" which are not as uncommon as they ought to be in the Oxford examination schools. The preliminary tables of this volume explain the arrangement of the parts and sections; and, with the method and system of an experienced teacher, Mr. Fowle has brought to bear a vast amount

of minute attention upon his classification of parables, miracles, and discourses, as well as of important passages and incidents. It is obvious that this is a kind of work as well calculated for elementary schools and training colleges as for the higher schools and colleges.

## GLORY.\*

MRS. BANKS describes one of the characters of her story as arguing with an old woman "amongst the heterogeneous medley of soap, candles, brushes, red-herrings, peg-tops, pattens, &c." We may, perhaps, as we are considering how we shall give our readers an account of this novel, describe ourselves as amongst the heterogeneous medley of villains, philanthropists, heroes of history, Wiltshire rustics, big words, battles, and all the grievances and oppressions that the army, the navy, and the nation in general suffered under at the end of the last century. Shall we follow the hero in his adventures and his sufferings, and show how a young Wiltshire farmer was plotted against by the most abandoned and artful villains, and was at the same time rendered an easier victim to them by his love of Glory in capital letters? Shall we show how his elder brother "was caught in the vortex, and was sailing the seas with Nelson"? Or shall we assume the part of a military critic, and, looking up our Napier's *History of the Peninsular War*, and any of Harry Lorrequer's novels that we may have at hand, follow the author in her account of the expeditions of Sir John Moore and Sir Arthur Wellesley? Shall we, with her, fight over again the battle of Aboukir, and recount once more the Rebellion of '98? Her history is at times certainly confusing, but scarcely less so is her story, while both are equally dull. When we are in the company of Napoleon, or Wellesley, or Moore, we begin to wish that we were back with her villains; but when we have got back to her villains we begin to think that, after all, Napoleon and Wellesley and Moore were more entertaining. Her history does indeed, in a certain sense, read like fiction, while her fiction reads like nothing except perchance a nightmare. It would seem from the array of names and facts which she brings forward that she must have made a study of the period in which the scene of her story is laid; but how she can have fallen into the errors that she has made it is impossible to imagine. Were any one to write a tale of the period of history of which Mr. Froude treats in his early volumes, we could in that case account for any amount of blundering. But Mr. Froude, except perhaps in his book on Ireland, has not as yet described any of the scenes through which Mrs. Banks takes her hero. In one passage she describes the expedition to Holland in 1798. She says, "It is not our intention to follow Sir Ralph in his successes at Callanstoog or against the fort of the Helder, or Admiral Duncan in his capture of the Dutch fleet (which would never have been effected had Van Tromp left a fitting successor behind him)." Van Tromp! we felt ourselves exclaiming, as Mrs. Shandy exclaimed about Socrates, "Why he has been dead a hundred years ago." Has the author never heard the song that begins—

In the days of the Rump  
When old Admiral Trump  
Cruised in the chops of the Channel.

We shall next be told that the Italians would never have been defeated by the Austrians at Novara had Julius Cæsar left a fitting successor behind him. Very likely Mrs. Banks knows as well as we do when the old Dutch Admiral lived, but her way of writing is confusing, to say the least. Still more confusing is the muddle she gets into when she writes, "Another year opened its eyes on the death of England's great statesman, William Pitt. Queen Caroline was arraigned by her impeccable spouse, and acquitted by law and justice." Mrs. Banks, though she makes the Princess of Wales a Queen fourteen years before George IV. came to the throne, yet does not, we will hope, place her trial in the year 1806. In the fine language which she uses she means, no doubt, to describe the investigation into the Princess's conduct that was made by the Commission appointed by royal warrant in 1806. It is likely enough that she has confused in her own mind this investigation with the trial before the House of Lords in 1820, and that hence has arisen the mistake of calling the Princess of Wales Queen Caroline. If Mrs. Banks's history is not to be admired for its accuracy and clearness, it is, at all events, written with abundant pomp of words. In this same year, 1806, we are told, "Napoleon issued the imperious Decree for the Blockade of the British Isles. . . . The insulted British Lion roared and shook its mane, and at the roar Arthur Wellesley came to the front. 'The hour had arrived and the man.'" Certainly some time elapsed between Napoleon's decree and Arthur Wellesley's coming to the front. But if we give six months to the British Lion for his roaring—which is not a very excessive time—six months more for his shaking his mane, and a further six months to Arthur Wellesley for packing up his portmanteau and getting to the front, Mrs. Banks may be substantially correct.

Before we leave the historical, or what the author is pleased to call the historical, part of her story, we must do her the justice to show her style when it is at its best, or its finest. Our only perplexity is which passage to choose out of the many that we have marked. The following is a fair specimen:—

Glory! Shall we write the word in large or small characters, as we briefly summarise events over which its black and crimson flag floated far

\* *Glory*. By Mrs. G. Lianus Banks. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1877.

and wide over land and sea, to be fought for and claimed in many climes and many tongues?

Glory! Did the peaks and crags of Switzerland echo and reverberate the word when Republican France, under the specious promise of freedom and protection, poured its fierce hordes of desperadoes down through unguarded mountain passes on the hapless towns and villages to burn, destroy, and pillage; to butcher wantonly by hundreds, not only the brave patriots who resisted, but the helpless and unresisting; to blot whole populations out; devastate cantons, fill the air with smoke and the reek of carnage, till the very vultures were gorged, though homeless, parentless, famishing, naked children wandered by affrighted *thousands* through blighted fields in quest of sustenance, or perished among the silent hills, or in lonely caves out of the red path of Glory? How reads posterity the word as it was carved indelibly upon the Bernese Alps in '98?

The chapter in which this eloquent passage occurs is introduced by a quotation from a poet who is both anonymous and ungrammatical. The poets that would seem to be most familiar to Mrs. Banks are not such as are much read by the ordinary reader. She gives quotations from Mary Anne Browne, G. L. Bank, Eliza Cook, Mrs. Newton Crosland, W. C. Bennett, Heraud, Swain, Edward Capern, and Alaric A. Watts. But her anonymous poet, while he is scarcely inferior to any of these in sentiment, is, as we have said, sadly wanting in a knowledge of grammar. He thus sings in defiance of Lindley Murray and the ordinary conjugation of an English verb:—

Wherever sun is brightest,  
Shadow must be deepest;  
Where gay hearts are lightest,  
Some sad soul there creeps.

The hero of the story, Jesse Wilton, was a young farmer in whose brain, we are told, "there must have been simmerings of love and its contingencies long before he met with Rosanna," the heroine. How comes it, we may stop to ask, that an author can thus afford, in the very opening of a long story, to write down such a sentence as this? A speaker at a public meeting, a parson in his pulpit, your host in his own house, can begin to talk nonsense as early as he pleases, for he has his hearers more or less in his power. But we should have thought that an author who, in the sixth page of her story, wrote that there were simmerings of love and its contingencies in a man's brain, might with certainty count on her first volume being sent flying across the room, and on the second and third remaining uncut. Scarcely less wonderful was the heroine's face than the hero's brain. She had had a fright, and had become pale. "The colour which had fled from her face surged upward to her brow, as from some secret fountain." The absurdity of these fine words is the more strongly brought out by the Wiltshire dialect in which these young people speak. In spite of the simmerings, the contingencies, and the surgings, or in consequence of them, the course of true love would have run smooth enough had it not been for the machinations of three villains. The first of them was Lieutenant Tempest, who was jealous of Jesse; the second was Susan Bodman, who was jealous of Rosanna; and the third was her father, Luke Bodman, who hated Jesse, and was quite ready for rick-burning, highway robbery, burglary, or murder, as the interest of the story required. "Whatever common cause," says the author, "may draw into one body a large number of people, the concourse being composed of separate human atoms, with individual attributes and interests, it follows that, before the mass disintegrates, some of those atoms must clash or combine so as to affect their own or other interests for all time to come." Now it so happened that those five separate atoms—the hero, the heroine, and the three villains—were, on the occasion of a review of Yeomanry, all drawn into one body. Before they disintegrated, the Lieutenant had insulted the heroine, and stabbed her, too, while aiming a blow at the hero; Luke had wrongly suspected the hero of doing him an ill turn, and had vowed vengeance on him; while Susan had equally vowed vengeance because he would not marry her. Their own and other interests were indeed affected; for, as the direct result of this clashing and combining, the hero enlisted as a soldier, deserted, received 150 lashes, had a bullet in his side, a bayonet thrust in his leg, another bullet through his thigh, a sabre cut on his scalp, a third bullet in his shoulder, and had his ribs broken by the hoofs of the wicked Lieutenant's horse. Recovering from all these wounds, he went once more to war, and, "losing an arm, and being almost lame," he retired from active service, "a battered, disabled wreck." The heroine, the second of the human atoms, owing to the same concourse, was struck by the villain Luke with the butt-end of a pistol, and went through a great variety of sufferings with her husband in the retreat of Sir John Moore. Lieutenant Tempest, the third atom, owing to the same concourse, fought a duel, had part of his whiskers shot away, and, after a long series of villainies, was shot dead through the back by one of his own men. Susan, the fourth atom, owing to the same concourse, first tried to murder her rival's baby, then ran off with the wicked Lieutenant, and at last was found "huddled up, stiff and cold, amongst the snow, an empty spirit flask in her rigid hand"; while the fifth atom, Luke, owing to the same concourse, tried to murder, first, an old lady, and next Rosanna, then set fire to the hero's corn-stacks, then burnt down his house, then robbed and murdered the wicked Lieutenant's wicked father, and at last was sentenced to be hanged in chains by the magistrates sitting in Quarter Sessions. At least three other human atoms were also hanged owing to this same concourse; and, what made the case rather harder, two of the three, like Luke Bodman, were hanged by the magistrates without the assistance of a judge, while the third was sentenced



by a court-martial. The next time we notice a policeman bidding a crowd move on, or, in other words, a mass of human atoms to disintegrate, we shall bid him reflect how solemn is his task, and though we shall not wish him to neglect his duty, yet we shall ask him to remember that it is vain for him, now that these human atoms have once clashed and combined, to hope that his interests and theirs will not be affected for all time to come.

Varied and vast as are the incidents of this story, yet even they could never have filled up these somewhat closely printed three volumes had it not been for the fineness of the language in which they are described. We read of landladies "delegating the management of their inns to flippant barmaids," while the author herself in a note "relegates a fact to its original source." We read of an officer's wife who was "one of the first to draw a tabooed cordon round the élite circle of regimental feminine society." A soldier's pigtail is called an "hirsute appendage," and a certain body of soldiers "formed an integral portion of the army." Paraphrasing is in great favour with certain examiners. Were they to give in some examination the lines in the *Rejected Addresses* that begin "God bless the Guards," and go on with "God bless their pigtails, though they are now cut off," some youth deeply read in modern novels might paraphrase the lines after some such fashion as this:—God bless an integral portion of the army. God bless their hirsute appendages, though they are now relegated to the hair-dresser's rubbish heap.

It is needless to multiply instances of the fine words which are to be found in every page of this foolish novel. We have suffered not a little before we reached the last chapter. Yet we wish the author, and all writers like her, no harder fate than this—that the day may come when they shall be forced to paraphrase their own stories, and to turn as much of their writings as have any meaning at all into words which their own heroes and heroines could spell correctly and understand.

#### MINOR NOTICES.

MUCH has been written about Voltaire\*, and every one with any pretensions to education must be presumed to have some knowledge of his life and character. Still there is room for such a work as that which Colonel Hamley has just produced, in which all the salient points of a complicated and puzzling existence are brought, in a clear and striking manner, into a general view. One of the chief merits of this biography is that the author is strictly impartial. He does not attempt either to exalt or to disparage the philosopher of Ferney. He keeps to the facts, setting them forth fairly and succinctly, and leaving them to speak for themselves. The most conspicuous characteristic of Voltaire consisted in the diverse and contradictory elements which were combined in his mind and temperament. Colonel Hamley, noticing that so many writers have gone on down to the present day representing, some in praise and some in blame, that Voltaire was a chief author of the Revolution, justly observes that this is a mere opinion, impossible either of proof or disproof; for when a nation has long suffered from a system of grievous misgovernment and oppression, and finds its relations with the Government so changed as they were when Louis XVI. and the people's representatives stood together face to face, "the impending convulsion is not so much to be ascribed to the influence of this or that man, as to the constant accumulation of destructive force on the one side, and the constant diminution of repressive power on the other." In some respects Voltaire was no doubt an agent of disturbance, but, though he criticized the monarchy severely, he never systematically attacked it, and would certainly have abhorred the horrors which accompanied the violent overthrow of the old system of government. He was, in fact, essentially a man of his period, and was affected like other people by the general condition of the country; and the explosion which afterwards took place was due to deeper and more comprehensive causes than the individual influence of Voltaire or even Rousseau. At a critical moment Beaumarchais did more than either of them to light the powder which had accumulated. Under these circumstances, Colonel Hamley thinks that Voltaire is now chiefly interesting, not as an actual political force, but as a literary phenomenon; and he sketches his character in a very graphic and amusing way. From this point of view the biographer thinks that, though Voltaire cannot be held up as a pattern, yet, with the fading of old prejudices and the arrival of better knowledge, his name will be regarded with increased liking and respect as that of one who was "infinitely better than the religious bigots of the time," who "believed, with far better effect in his practice than they could boast, in a Supreme Ruler," while he was also "the untiring and eloquent advocate, at the bar of the Universe, of the rights of humanity." The final summing up is given as follows:—"He recognized and lamented all the evils permitted by Providence. But he forgot, except sometimes in theory, to return thanks for the blessings which are showered along with those evils on the earth, and thus the great intellect and the high purpose are left without the crowning grace of reverence."

Under the title of "Verifier"†, an anonymous writer has undertaken to show that, though geological science has made real gains

and conquests in recent years, there is a want of genuine scientific proof of the theory of Modern Causes as set forth in Lyell's attractive presentation of it—namely, that the forces now operating upon earth are the same in kind and in degree as those which in the remotest times produced geological changes"; and he thinks that the promoters of this theory have been "misled by plausible but mistaken analogies, which can never counterbalance the entire absence of any positive proof of what they assert." We cannot here express any opinion as to the merits of the controversy which "Verifier" invites, but he certainly produces a strong impression of the rash and unsupported character of many current geological theories.

"S. N. G."\* taking as his text Horace's "Est operæ pretium duplicis pernoscere juris naturam," remarks that this applies very well to the kind of "jus" served out in our courts of law, and that his hints to facilitate the compounding of our "duplex jus" according to the most approved recipes are "designed for the information of the cooks only, and not for the enlightenment of those who are to partake of the broth." He lays down that a law is of little consequence until it has been condemned or set at naught; and that, of the law of entail, as of the law of gravitation, it is enough to know that it exists. A practical lawyer has little more occasion to inquire into the reasons for passing the statute *De Donis* than an artilleryman has to read Genesis for professional instruction. And then we have this saw:—"To know how restraints came to be imposed helps us but little to remove them; and a barrister spends his time to better purpose when he observes the conduct of men who infringe laws than when he studies the motives of those who make them." We are further cautioned that, "as every enactment must necessarily be a check upon some passion or predilection of human nature, it is prudent not to attribute much force to a new law, but to wait until it has been assented to by judicial interpretation before entertaining much respect for it; for it is to no purpose to command that men shall do what they have no mind to do." Next we have some account of the peculiarities of judges, with illustrations of the extremes into which their particular temperaments or prejudices may lead them, such as being shocked by a reference in court to the report of a Parliamentary debate as explaining the meaning of an Act, although in dealing with a reported judgment of one of themselves they will say, "As I happen to know that my learned brother lived to repent of that, it does not express his later views," or "My brother was hardly orthodox in railway cases." The writer next treats of prisoners, and notes the curious principle that persons charged with having committed a crime are the only people in the world presumed, as a matter of course, to be innocent; and he gives, as another instance of the favour with which the law regards the accused, the care which is taken to ascertain his supposed motives, upon which, and not upon his mere acts, his guilt or innocence depends. The question whether it is better for a lawyer to begin at the beginning of his case or at the end is exhaustively discussed. On the one hand, it is scarcely possible to go back to the very beginning; whereas, by beginning at the end, one can stop as soon as necessary. It is perhaps better to begin in the middle, digress into preceding events, and then return to the end of the story. Among other instructions, there are also some hints as to cross-examination; as, for instance, that a counsel can sometimes produce a useful effect by making a suggestion for a hostile witness to adopt unexpectedly, so that he may not have time for reflection as to how his interest is affected; that, if a witness is cautious and circumspect, he should be allowed large opportunities for reticence, so that it may be taken for disingenuousness; and that in cross-examining a witness on your own side, you should conceal your partiality, and question him with apparent sharpness. There are also other ingenious, or ingenious, reflections on evidence, sentences, advocacy, and maxims.

The fourth and concluding volume of Mr. Buxton Forman's new and excellent edition of Shelley's *Poetical Works*‡, in which the revision of the text has been carried out in the most thorough manner, and every variety of reading noted, gives the residue of the poet's work in the shape of mature posthumous poems, original and translated, together with some more *Juvenilia*. Since the greater part of this volume was printed, the editor has had the opportunity of collecting a few manuscripts of Shelley's which he had not seen in time to deal with them in framing the text; and the results are given as addenda. In Mr. Forman's opinion the manuscript of "Hellas" and the list of errata of that poem recently sold are treasure trove of importance, though the manuscript of the poem is not written by Shelley's hand, but only revised by him. The "Boscombe Papers," so frequently referred to in this edition, are, it ought to be explained, those at Sir Percy Shelley's manor-house, where the "priceless manuscripts and other relics of the poet remaining in the hands of this family are reverently preserved." Taken altogether, this edition must be accepted as the most complete and authoritative which has yet appeared; and Mr. Forman is entitled to much credit for the sympathetic labour which he has bestowed on it.

The versifiers of the day are no less disappointing than usual. Nearly forty years ago Mr. Bennoch published a small volume‡ of verses which, as he says, to his own surprise and delight, was most

\* *Foreign Classics for English Readers—Voltaire.* By Colonel Hamley. Blackwood & Sons.

† *Scepticism in Geology, and the Reasons for it.* By "Verifier." Murray.

• *Scintilla Juris.* By S. N. G. Davis & Son.

‡ *The Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley.* Edited by H. Buxton Forman. Vol. IV. Reeve & Turner.

‡ *Poems, Lyrics, Songs, and Sonnets.* By Francis Bennoch. Hardwick & Bogue.

favourably received, not only by the public, but by the chief men of letters in his own country, Germany, and the United States. This might have turned his head and led him astray, but he had common sense and could take good advice. Wordsworth, for instance, while urging the continuance of the study of poetry as a pleasure, cited Scott's saying of literature being a convenient staff but a perilous crutch; and so Mr. Bennoch remained a man of business. It does not appear, however, from the present volume that, much as he mixed with poets, he has any poetical talent of his own. He tells us that his aim in composition has always been condensation, not diffuseness, and that, having a due regard to rhythm and harmonious cadence, his theory and practice have been to clothe his thoughts in the clearest language he could at the moment command; he knows his "local colouring and general description of scenery to be accurate, because they are drawn from nature," and "even the terrors of the winter are described from personal experience." It is one thing, however, to try to draw from nature and another to be able to give a vivid picture of it; and, while Mr. Bennoch's words are no doubt plain enough, his language and ideas are baldly prosaic and commonplace. Such sketching as this—

The trees of the forest—the white blooming thorn,  
These green in their leafage—that sweet in the morn—  
The trout in the streamlet—the foam on the pool,  
The cloven rock rising so shady and cool—

is no more poetry than an auctioneer's list; and even among the Alps all he can produce is such jejune and inane verbiage as

Ye marvellous cliffs, ye everlasting hills  
Pointing to heaven, like princely warders stand;  
Where flowery bloom the air with fragrance fills,  
And vales made musical by clamouring rills  
Swelling the torrent in its dark abyss!  
Within whose depths the warm sun seldom shines  
Through the dense foliage of mountain pines.

The truth is that, though Mr. Bennoch has lived near the roses, he has not caught their fragrance; and would have done better to be content with his opportunities of knowing men of genius without resuscitating his own mechanical verses.

Mr. Goldie's *Hebe*\* is not a classical poem, but a rather vague romantic rhapsody in verse, showing a certain command of language, but hard to understand. The heroine is presented in the opening as taking a mournful farewell for a time from a party of young children to whom she has been teaching "the harmony of nature" and "the inmost beauty of the things they saw," and,

As a low, sad word escaped her throat,  
The day died with her, and, with silent stroke,  
Across the ocean came a sailless boat,  
To bear her from the land.

Next she happened to be on the sea-shore when a ship was wrecked, and

tossing limbs grotesque among the foam,  
Waved and went down that whirling psychodrome.

Among those who were saved was Conrad Bulrhennie; and of course he and Hebe are very much thrown together, and Conrad soon begins to long to "link their lives in some way." He has however to weigh the matter first, and one day he tells her all his hopes and aims in somewhat confused and priggish language:—

The mind distraught  
Exemplifies my meaning; germs profuse,  
Unnumbered hold this life, it seems to me,  
In varied combinations, never free.

and he adds that he has made a law that he "must grow in certain curves." Then, after much confidential talk between them about religion and feelings, he suddenly winds up with:—

Good bye, Miss Newton. Fire from your hand  
Has kindled fuel lying long prepared.  
I linger; but the spirit of this hand  
Is touchstone.

It remains to say farewell.  
'Tis quickly done.

So he catches her hand, bends over it and sets "a passionate seal" upon it, and off he goes on his mysterious journey, in the course of which he meets his betrothed, his cousin Coralie. The high aim, however, which had now grown big in his mind, "out-shining love, outweighing wealth," leads him to explain his position to her, and the match is broken off. Finally, after much sad experience of the world, and a great deal of sentimental gnashing of teeth, he returns to Hebe, but only to start off again to discover beyond the sea—

A land of thought,  
Of which earth seems a shadow.

What the moral is it is difficult to see.

Mr. Alfred Austin's *Leszko the Bastard*†, though it displays the characteristic qualities of his flowing and passionate muse, is somewhat slight, and also forced in some passages. It is the story of a young Pole whose mother reveals to him the cruel persecution which she had suffered at the hands of a treacherous Russian, who, having avowed a passion for her which she repulsed, resolved to seize her by violence. She saw her danger, and fled to her lover, who was already in hiding from a body of Russian troops in search of him on the pretence of his being a conspirator against the Government. The pair had, after their long separation, a

rapturous meeting, but, oppressed by the fear that the threatened vengeance might at any instant befall them, they agreed to bind themselves to each other by mutual vows without waiting for the marriage ceremony which there was no time or opportunity for celebrating, and to part next day. While they were passing the last hours they were to have together, their wily enemy came upon them, and their fate was sealed. The man was carried off at once, and his putative wife never saw or heard of him again. She was respited, however, while the Russian resumed his suit, but, as it remained fruitless, she was despatched to Siberia. There she bore Leszko, who was of course illegitimate. For a time they lived together in exile, but when Leszko reached manhood, his mother begged him to avenge her wrongs by joining the ranks of a Russian detachment then leaving Siberia, in order to get away and afterwards to enlist with the Turks, which he did accordingly. At first he became a witness of the horrors of the war in Poland, till an opportunity arrived of escaping from his false service with his enemies, when he went to seek his mother, but found only her grave. Five years' search was given to discover his father, which he was at last able to do in Paris, where the latter had been living in destitution, and was now at the point of death. He had then no one to care for, so he started off to join the Turkish army, and to spend his life in taking revenge on

the worse than demon hordes,  
Who to the damned would bring fresh curse,  
And enter Hell to make it worse.

Spirited as the verse is in this piece, there is too much shrieking about it, and Mr. Austin would have done wisely to let such a subject alone.

Mr. Thearle's work on theoretical naval architecture\* is for the use both of students who possess simply a knowledge of elementary mathematics and of those whose studies are more advanced. The former are provided with the information necessary to enable them to perform the usual calculations of the drawing-office, expressed in formulæ or by rules easily applied; while the latter, by following out the investigations by which these formulæ and rules have been obtained, are enabled to form an idea of the principles of naval design. A volume of plates and tables accompanies the letterpress.

Dr. Beith has made a compilation from the records of the Disruption of the Scotch Establishment† which were collected in 1843 by a Committee of the General Assembly of the Free Church, consisting chiefly of extracts from autograph narratives of ministers who left the Kirk, supplemented by his own recollections and other information. A general view is thus given of an important movement; but it is written in a very dull, lifeless style, and is also very one-sided. The Free Church people are assumed to have been right all through, though their position was essentially illogical.

Mr. Baughan has composed a work on handwriting as an illustration of character‡, with illustrations from the autograph letters of eminent persons of every class; and explains a theory of his own as to what he calls graphology. He holds that handwriting always more or less reflects the personality of the writer; and that, as in the case of the Duke of Wellington and most distinguished generals, writing which has a tendency to ascend at the end of each line indicates success and prosperity, or, at any rate, ambition, hope, and energy; while a sort of writing which has a tendency to run down at the termination of the lines shows ill-health, melancholy, and a troubled and disappointed life. It is infinitely easier to invent such theories than to prove them.

Mr. Lawson Tait has endeavoured, in an *Essay on Hospital Mortality* §, to establish the facts for a definite and somewhat extended period, based on the authority of recognized hospital officials. His conclusion is that large hospitals are not more unhealthy than small ones because of their size, but because they want more looking after, larger bed areas and cubic spaces, and also on account of the chances of the occurrence of septic centres and of inattention to sanitary requirements being increased. He further thinks that the statistics show that a stringent inquiry is demanded as to the possibility of reducing the number of deaths in some of the hospitals.

Mr. Mocatta gives an interesting sketch of the *History of the Jews in Spain and Portugal*|| When the Jews first began to settle in those countries they were well received, and their favoured position led to a continuous increase of their numbers. In the course of time, however, their prosperity excited the jealousy of the surrounding population; and this feeling was worked upon by the Roman Catholic clergy, who resented the existence of a large and thriving community which remained utterly without the pale of the Church. Efforts to convert them were enforced by measures of restriction, which gradually grew into cruel and systematic persecution, and finally culminated in an edict of universal banishment. Mr. Mocatta thinks that, had the Jews possessed more tact during

\* *Collins's Advanced Science Series. Theoretical Naval Architecture: a Treatise on the Calculations involved in Naval Design.* By S. J. P. Thearle. 2 vols. Collins, Sons, & Co.

† *Memoirs of Disruption Times: a Chapter of Autobiography.* By Alex. Beith, D.D. Blackie & Son.

‡ *Character Indicated by Handwriting.* By R. Baughan. "The Bazaar" Office.

§ *An Essay on Hospital Mortality.* By Lawson Tait, F.R.C.S. J. & A. Churchill.

|| *The Jews of Spain and Portugal, and the Inquisition.* By F. W. Mocatta. Longmans & Co.

\* *Hebe. A Tale.* By Mark H. G. Goldie. King & Co.

† *Leszko the Bastard: a Tale of Polish Grief.* By Alfred Austin. Chapman & Hall.



the earlier stages of their troubles, and adhered more closely to scientific and literary pursuits than to the acquisition of wealth, they might possibly have retarded, if not averted, the exile to which they were condemned; but it was hardly to be expected that a population of a million Jews would be allowed to dwell in peace under the eye of the Inquisition. Within four days of the establishment of this tribunal in Spain, in 1478, an *auto-da-fé* took place, when six persons were burned. In the subsequent months fresh sacrifices were made to such an extent that, in the first year, 298 persons perished at the stake, and in the second no less than 2,000, besides which 17,000 were subjected to penal discipline, involving personal disgrace and confiscation of property; and in 1492 all unbaptized Jews were driven from the Spanish dominions, and a few years afterwards they were expelled in the same way from Portugal. Although this dispersion was at the time a great affliction to the Jews, it was ultimately beneficial to them in transferring them to the coasts of the Mediterranean and elsewhere, where their cleverness and industry were appreciated; and there can be no doubt that their departure was a great loss to Spain and Portugal. Nowadays Jews are freely allowed to settle in those countries; but, though they enjoy practical toleration, there is still a spirit of hostility to their race, and they have not ventured to set up a synagogue.

Mr. Everett's *Text-Book of Physics* is intended to assist elementary instruction in physics by laying a foundation of knowledge and theory which may lead on to subsequent advances. In this way he believes that it is practicable, not indeed to make the bulk of the boys in the public schools expert scientific manipulators, but at least to give them a sound grounding in the main lines of scientific theory.

Blake, who was undoubtedly a genius, in spite of his madness, though, as Mr. Scott acknowledges, entirely without the executive powers of hand and mind which we call talent, comes out very prepossessingly in the series of etchings from his works which have lately been published with an illustrative comment.† A judicious choice has been made of the more subdued and less unconventional of Blake's designs; and the impression is therefore much more agreeable than that made by the raw, crude, grotesque, and equivocal productions exhibited in the indiscriminate medley of a recent exhibition. The best side of his work is given here, and makes a really attractive volume, which all can enjoy. Some of the subjects are:—"There shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away"; the Deluge; the Nativity; St. Matthew and the Angel; the birth of Eve (now first published), Christ appearing as the Creator, who takes the form of the woman out of Adam by a waving of his hand; Adam and Eve in Paradise; and Eve eating the forbidden fruit. The etching is of the best kind, more refined and delicate than the original work.

The publisher of the *Portrait*‡ has wisely relieved himself from the disability of postal transmission by reducing its dimensions, and giving it a more portable and convenient shape, without in any way impairing the artistic effect of the portraits. The Twelfth Part gives a characteristic likeness of M. Gustave Doré, with a sketch of his life by Mr. Blanchard Jerrold; while the succeeding one presents a charming portrait of the Princess of Wales, which is certainly the best that has yet appeared, both in the delicacy of its tints and its animated expression, with a memoir in which Mr. Tennyson's well-known lines occupy the chief place, with a few supplementary particulars. In consequence of the change of form, the price of the publication is proportionately reduced.

The "Handy Volume" edition of the *Waverley Novels* § which is now being issued certainly answers perfectly to its title. It is to be a series of twenty-five small duodecimo volumes in paper covers, small and light enough for easy carriage in the pocket, with clear type, which shows up well on a nearly opaque page. A more suitable and delightful companion on a journey or stay in the country cannot be imagined. *Waverley*, *The Heart of Midlothian*, *Antiquary*, *Rob Roy*, *Guy Rimmering*, have already appeared in this series.

One of the most handsome, practical, and comprehensive books of cookery || is that which has just been brought out by Messrs. Cassell and Co. It opens with a preface in which the high moral view of the subject is taken—that is to say, that "the strong point of good cookery is not its gratification of the palate, but its influence on health"; and that "it is no exaggeration to say that the explanation of many fatal disorders is to be found in nothing but badly-cooked and ill-associated viands"—a grave warning for greatly daring diners. Next follows a treatise, "written by a gentleman in every way entitled to speak with authority," who certainly adopts a tone which suggests the ghost of Brillat-Savarin. The recipes are given in the dictionary form, as the most convenient, and prescribe the way of cooking not only everyday fare, but "fare for extra occasions" (which, we hope, is always prepared in strict accordance with the great principle laid down above), together with cookery of cold and American meat, of meat for invalids, beverages of every

kind, and the best methods of carving. As for the illustrations, they represent an ideally ornamental and poetical fashion of serving up everything; the frontispiece, for instance, represents salmon and shrimps and lobsters, and other fish-dishes, of quite a glorified aspect as regards colour and topping piles; the chops and legs of mutton are equally rich in colour; while the "braised legs of fowl with fillets of tongue," the "bouilli croquets of chopped meat," the ham "garnished" like a lute, and resting on a bed of carrot and turnip flowers, the "chartreuse of partridges," the "macaroni timbale and rabbit," and the various displays of dessert, are also impressively artistic.

The DAILY NEWS complains of the following passage in our article of last week entitled "Sensational Journalism":—"In its" (the DAILY NEWS) "Thursday's issue there is a leading article 'in which it makes the amazing assertion that modern Judges—'or, as it calls them, 'Furred law-cats'—still uphold the 'tradition that an accused person is to be regarded as guilty till his innocence is proved; and points out that it is scarcely possible for an advocate to achieve the 'prodigious mental effort' 'to get the mind out of its habits' on becoming a Judge; a 'remark which of course is disparaging to the Bench generally.' Our contemporary's complaint is well founded. The article in the DAILY NEWS to which reference was made does not bear the construction which the SATURDAY REVIEW inadvertently put upon it, and we regret that the mistake was made."

## NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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## ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Afternoon Promenade.—This Day. The Programme will include: Overture, "Anacreon" (Cherubini); "Vespers Lorelei" (Max Bruch); Concerto for Violin and Orchestra in G (Max Bruch); Symphony in B flat (Haydn); Overture, "Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage" (Mendelssohn). Herr Max Bruch has kindly consented to conduct his own works. Vocalists: Madame Nouver (her first appearance at the Crystal Palace), Mr. Barton McRuckin. Solo Violin, Señor Sarasate (first appearance at the Crystal Palace of this eminent Spanish Violinist). Conductor, Mr. AUGUST MAXNS. Transferable Stalls for the Twenty-four Concerts, 42s.; Numbered Stalls for a Single Concert, in Area or Gallery, 3s. 6d.; Unnumbered Seats in Area or Gallery, 1s. (All exclusive of admission to the Palace). Admission to Palace, 2s. 6d., or by Season Ticket.

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**CRYSTAL PALACE COMPANY'S SCHOOL OF**  
ART, SCIENCE, and LITERATURE.—Eighteenth Session, 1877-78. —LADIES DIVISION. THE NEXT SESSION OPENS on Monday, October 15. Professors and Teachers.—Mr. E. A. Goodall, Mr. Frederick Smallfield, Mr. W. K. Shenton, Mr. George Harris, M. A., M. A., Dr. Heinemann, F. R. G. S., Cavalier Professor Volpe, Dr. G. G. Zerff, F. R. Hist. S., Mr. A. Sonnenstein, Mr. Henry N. Read, M. A., Mr. H. S. Foxwell, M. A., Mr. S. M. Master, M. A., Rev. Henry White, M. A., Herr Ernst Fauer, Sir Julius Benedict, Mr. E. Prout, B. A., Miss M. E. von Glehn, F. F. Erige, Mus. Doc., John Steiner, Mus. Doc., M. A., Madame St. Germaine, Signor Rizzelli, Miss Mary Hooper, M. Louis d'Egville, Mrs. George Gilbert, Mr. G. A. Rogers, and other Lecturers on Special Subjects. Scholarships in Art, Modern Languages, &c., and Music. Prospectus on application to the undersigned, in the office of the School, in the Library, Byzantine Court, Crystal Palace, Sydenham. By Order of the Committee, F. K. J. SHENTON, Superintendent of Literary Department.

\* *Elementary Text-Book of Physics*. By J. D. Everett, Professor of Natural Philosophy, Queen's College, Belfast. Blackie & Son.

† *William Blake: Etchings from his Works*. By William Bell Scott. Chatto & Windus.

‡ *The Portrait*. A Photograph and Memoir. No. 12 and 13. Provost & Co.

§ *The Handy Volume "Waverley."* Agnew & Co.

|| *Cassell's Dictionary of Cookery*. With numerous Engravings and full-page Coloured Plates. Cassell, Fetter, & Galpin.

**UNIVERSITY EDUCATION.**—The Syndicate appointed by Grace of the Senate of the University of Cambridge to Organise and Superintend COURSES OF STUDY AND CLASSES will, during the next Session of the CRYSTAL PALACE SCHOOL, OF ART, SCIENCE, AND LITERATURE, conduct COURSES on the undermentioned Subjects in the LADIES' DIVISION of the School:—

**Facts and Principles of Chemical Science.**—Thursdays, 2.30 P.M. By HENRY N. READ, M.A., St. John's Coll., Cambridge.

**Political Economy.**—Tuesdays, 11.30 A.M. By HERBERT S. FOXWELL, M.A., Fellow of St. John's Coll., Cambridge.

Examinations will be held by Examiners appointed by the Syndicate, and Certificates will be granted.

The Fee for Twelve Lectures and Classes is 21s.; for Twelve Lectures only, 10s. 6d. See Regulations.

The Courses in General History (Dr. G. G. ZEPPEL, F.R.S.E., F.R. Hist. S.) and English Literature (Rev. HENRY WHITE, M.A.), by the appointed Teachers of the School, will be conducted on the same method and for the same fees.

Full particulars on application to the undersigned, in the office of the School, in the Library, Byzantine Court, Crystal Palace.

By order of the Committee,

F. K. J. SHENTON, Superintendent of Literary Department.

**QUEEN'S COLLEGES, IRELAND.**—The PROFESSORSHIP OF ANATOMY AND PHYSIOLOGY in the Queen's College, Galway, being now Vacant, Candidates for that office are requested to forward their Testimonials to the UNDER-SECRETARY, Dublin Castle, on or before Monday, the 22nd instant, in order that the same may be submitted to His Grace the Lord-Lieutenant.

The Candidate who may be selected for the above Professorship will have to enter upon his duties at once.

Dublin Castle, October 5, 1877.

**DURHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL.**—KING'S SCHOLARSHIPS.—THE EXAMINATION OF CANDIDATES for the KING'S SCHOLARSHIPS will take place in the Chapter Room, on Thursday, the 10th, and Friday, the 16th November, 1877, at 9 A.M., when five Scholars will be appointed to supply the present vacancies.

These Scholarships (15 in number) are of the annual value of nearly £40 (£20 in money, with exemption from classical fees), and are tenable at the School for four years, to which a Fifth may be added by the Dean.

Any one under fifteen years of age, whether previously at the School or not, is admissible as a Candidate, provided always that his parents are not in wealthy circumstances.

Candidates must send in their names, with certificates of their birth, and statement of circumstances, to Mr. E. PRELST, the College, Durham, on or before Thursday, November 8.

Further information may be obtained by applying to the

Rev. HENRY HOLDEN, D.D., Head-Master.

**MISS CHESSEAR** receives, at her own house, PUPILS in the following subjects: Geography (Physical and Political), English Language and Literature, History, Arithmetic, &c. Also Reads with Pupils preparing for the Junior, Senior, and Higher Local Examinations of both Cambridge and Oxford, and with Ladies who are about to enter at Girton or Nuneham, or to pass the London University Examination.—Address, 361 Camden Road, N.

**MISS MARY LEECH'S MORNING SCHOOL** for YOUNG LADIES RE-OPENED Monday, October 1, at 14 Radnor Place, Hyde Park, W.

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**STANTON HARCOURT, OXFORDSHIRE.**—To be LET, FURNISHED, from November 1 to June 1, 1878, the FAMILY RESIDENCE known as "The Lodge," situate within 21 miles of a station on the G.W. Railway. Within reach of Four Packs of Hounds, and well adapted for a Hunting Box.—For particulars apply to F. MAIR, Esq., Nuneham, Oxford.

**TO LITERARY GENTLEMEN**, those interested in EDUCATION, or a PRINTER.—To be DISPOSED OF, an old-established MONTHLY EDUCATIONAL JOURNAL, with Advertisements which average per Month about £10, in addition to a good list of Subscribers. Not less than £300 will be accepted.—Apply to C. Mitchell & Co., Agents for the Sale and Purchase of Newspaper Property, 12 and 13 Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, E.C.

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## THIRLMERE DEFENCE ASSOCIATION.

A MEETING of Landowners, and other persons interested in the Lake District, was held at the Prince of Wales Hotel, Gramere, on Friday, September 7, 1877. HENRY COWPER MARSHALL, Esq., of Derwent Isle, Keswick, in the Chair, when the Report furnished by Mr. MARTEN, C.E., upon the Waterworks Scheme of the Manchester Corporation was fully considered.

The Report set forth the character of the proposed works, as far as at present ascertainable, by which it is intended to convert the Lake into a large Reservoir, the water from which is to be drawn off in dry weather, exposing from 300 to 400 acres of mud and water-weed, for sale by the Corporation, Manchester itself having already an ample supply for every present and prospective want.

The Meeting had reason to believe that the district referred to can be well supplied by other means and from other sources, and was unanimously of opinion that the scheme is fraught with risk to life and great injury to property, and will involve a destruction of much scenery of great natural beauty, for which there is no adequate necessity.

It was therefore decided to offer a vigorous Parliamentary opposition to the Bill, and to appeal to all parties feeling any interest in the district for aid in so doing.

A Committee was formed of the gentlemen present, with power to add to their number. The interest of Landowners, who have a locus standi as opponents before a Parliamentary Committee, is not in this case so great as that of the public generally. This makes it more

useful to appeal for both personal and pecuniary support to those who, knowing the value of the Lake District to the nation at large, think that this question should not be settled on the narrow and technical grounds to which Parliament is accustomed to confine its attention in the case of ordinary private Bills.

All persons willing to render assistance by subscription or otherwise, or desiring information, are requested to communicate with R. SOMERVELL, Esq., Hazellhwaite, Windermere, or with any of the following gentlemen: Messrs. J. J. SPEDDING, J. W. ODDIE, and J. F. CROSTWHAITE, of Keswick; Messrs. R. CREWDSON, W. FLETCHER, and F. M. T. JONES, Hon. Secs., of Ambleside, either of whom will gladly furnish full printed information on the subject.

Subscriptions may be paid by cheque or P.O. to the credit of the Thirlmere Defence Fund, to Messrs. WAKEFIELD, CREWDSON, & Co., Ambleside; the Lancaster Banking Company, Windermere; and the Cumberland Union Bank, Keswick.

A Subscription List was opened at an adjourned Meeting, held at Keswick, on September 13 and the following amounts were put down:

H. C. Marshall, Esq.	4100
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C. E. Watson, Esq., Col.	100
S. H. Le Fleming, Esq.	100
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